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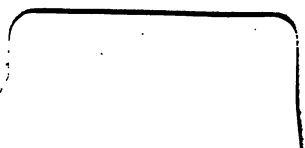
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"Lord, save us, we perish!"

THE HEAVENLY PILOT.

BY THE REV. THOMAS LOWE.

"Jesus saith unto them, 'It is I; be not afraid.'"—
St. John, vi., 20.

"Piloting through surf and strait, the fragile barks of men."—
Tupper.

Fifth Thousand.

*Revised and greatly improved, by the Author of "Footprints
on the Sands of Time."*

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1869.



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P E D I C A T I O N .

TO MR. JOHN RICHES,

MERCHANT AND FARMER, CATFIELD NORWICH,

THIS

NEW EDITION OF "THE PILOT," IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE

OF THE HIGH APPRECIATION IN WHICH HE IS HELD,

FOR HIS

GENEROUS LIBERALITY TO THE CAUSE OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

BY WILLIAM THOSEBY.

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P R E F A C E .

FIRST of all, it may not be out of place to say, that the talented author of the "Pilot of the Galilean Lake" has presented a copy of his little work to three of the most distinguished persons in Europe—namely, to the Royal Lady, Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle—to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, at Madingley Hall, Cambridge—and to His Imperial Majesty, Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, at the Palace of the Tuileries. Each copy has been kindly and graciously acknowledged, and each acknowledgment bearing the royal stamp.

Dr. Leask remarks, "Mr. Lowe seems to have caught hallowed fire from the glowing pages of Gilfillan's 'Bards of the Bible;' and he has inlaid his mosaic with sparkling gems from poets and theologians, whose works the Church will never let die. Not that he needed this to enable him to 'make a book,' for his own imagery is always appropriate, and often very beautiful, while his thoughts are correct, and his theology sound; but he obviously wished to produce an attractive, popular, and useful book. He has done his part admirably, and now let the public do their's." *Dr. Campbell*—"The book indicates a deal of reading, extending both to the past and the present, the near and the remote." *Rev. R. Jackson, Wesleyan*—"The style is gorgeous, racy, and effective, and will be received with interest and profit, especially by young christians. We recommend it to their careful perusal, and doubt not but it will be the means of improving the mind and impressing the heart of the reader." *The Sailors' Magazine*.—"Mr. Lowe's style is vigorous, flowery, lively, and soul-stirring; and his book gives an admirable view of the 'Great Pilot,' the blessed Captain of our Salvation." *The Homilist*.—"We always admire the author's poetic fire, honest ring, and high practical energy * * An eloquent little Book." *Rev. Geo. Gilfillan*—"The Pilot" is a pleasant little bookie, full of piety and pretty thoughts. We love the spirit that breathes in Thomas Lowe."

We earnestly hope that the respected author, who has been favoured with such excellent recommendations, may yet live many years, and see his first effort in the way of publishing pass through many editions, and become more and more extensively useful to thousands of admiring readers.

'The Pilot' having passed into other hands, it was thought expedient to alter the title a little, as its former name ("The Pilot of the Galilean Lake,") was rather ungainly, and not so descriptive and comprehensive of the general aim and intention of the book as might be. In preparing this new edition for the press, the task has been proceeded with on the system of "levelling down," and not of "levelling up," for it was much too high to begin with. Several portions, therefore, of the most difficult passages have been purposely omitted, and the room has been supplied with more simple and interesting matter, thus more especially adapting the work to the minds of the "common people," and for Sabbath Schools and libraries—it being very suitable for rewards and presents. May we not venture to believe that every ship would do well to have a copy on board, that every young sailor and tempest-tossed mariner might have the privilege of reading it. For it tells of one who has mastered the rocks and shoals to be avoided in order to reach the harbour of eternal rest; and without the help of a skilful pilot, no one can by any possibility escape those dangers. Jesus Christ is the only pilot who can successfully steer us away to heaven. Dear reader, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Your only safety consists in *immediate* faith in the Heavenly Pilot. To delay coming to Him may be fatal! The storm-blast is gathering, the sky is darkening, there is the distant muttering of the thunder. The Enemy is on the march—Satan is watching—Death is approaching, and Eternity is not far off. "Behold, now is the day of salvation; behold, now is the accepted time."

W. T.

The Scene of the Pilot.

“When Jesus therefore perceived that they would come and take him by force, to make him a king, he departed again into a mountain—himself, alone. And when *even* was now come, his disciples went down unto the sea, and entered into a ship, and went over the sea toward Capernaum. And it was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them. And the sea arose, by reason of a great wind that blew. So when they had rowed about five-and-twenty or thirty furlongs, they see Jesus walking on the sea, and drawing nigh unto the ship; and they were afraid. But he saith unto them, “*It is I; be not afraid.*” Then they willingly received him into the ship; and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went.”—*St. John*, vi., 15.

“Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound are we :
Before, behind, and all around
Floats and swings the horizon's bound ;
Seems at its outer rims to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies ;
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah ! it is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion—
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.”

WHAT mighty, spirit-stirring thoughts absorb the mind of the intelligent traveller as he wanders near the Sea of Galilee. And in what a trance of sublime musing the youthful poet approaches the lonely

shores of some of our English and Scottish lakes. William Wordsworth used to point visitors with lively enthusiasm to "Rydal Water," and he has consecrated in deathless song almost every nook, knoll, fell, crag, tarn, force, rivulet, mountain, glen, wooded cliff, and rugged gorge. Here many of the poet's brightest and happiest days were spent; and in the village church of Grasmere his dust reposes.

But the devout traveller, with the Gospel of Jesus in his hand, experiences an intensely pleasing interest which no other spot beneath the blue heavens can inspire—as he explores the barren hills, the craggy rocks, the luxuriant pastures and waving reeds along the borders of the Galilean Lake. The holy and gentle presence of Jesus has consecrated this lake and its shores. It is, as Lamartine sweetly describes it, "the Sea of Jesus." It was the centre of his operations. His adorable name is inseparably linked, for all time, with its towns, its hill sides, its groves, its corn fields, its lonely glens, its waters.

"How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

It is not that the fig tree grows,
And palms, in thy soft air,
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding Rose
Once shed His fragrance there."

On this soil the Saviour—the Divine Man—lived, and toiled, and wept, and prayed, and performed his superhuman acts. "We envy not the man who can merge the pilgrim in the traveller, and the believer in the antiquary." *

* Warburton.—"The Crescent and the Cross."

The distinguished artist, W. H. Bartlett, remarks, regarding his approach to Jerusalem: "We pursued our way along the wild and stony path—an hour yet remained—one of strange and indescribable excitement. I had stood alone within the awful circle of the Coliseum, when faintly touched by the light of the rising moon, and had watched the lunar rainbow spanning the eternal foam which rises from the base of Niagara; but this nocturnal approach to the ancient capital of Judea, across her bleak and desolate hills, awoke a more sublime and thrilling emotion." * Nor can we conceive a ramble on the hills and shores of the Sea of Galilee to be much less interesting and thrilling.

This inland sea or lake is situated in one of the principal divisions of the Holy Land, which it bounds on the east, and from which it derived its name. It was anciently called the Sea of Chinnereth or Cinneroth; the Lake Gennesareth, which is but a variation of the Hebrew name; and also the Sea of Tiberias, from the contiguous city of the same name. Travellers differ as to the extent of the lake. Some are disposed to receive the statement of Josephus—that it is between seventeen and eighteen miles in length, and from five to six in breadth; others say fifteen miles in length from north to south, and its breadth from six to nine miles; but Professor Robinson considers that its length in a straight line does not exceed eleven or twelve geographical miles, and that its breadth is from five to six miles. It occurs in the line of the Jordan, which enters it on the north and quits it on the south. A strong current marks the passage of the river through the lake; and when this is opposed by contrary winds,

* "Walks about Jerusalem."

which blow here with the force of a hurricane from the south-east, sweeping into the lake from the mountains, a boisterous sea is instantly raised. Modern authorities state that the storms that sweep it in winter, are worse than those of the great sea. An American missionary visited the lake in April, and he and his party encamped close by it, when suddenly, at midnight, a squall came down upon the lake, so terrible that they had to hold by the tent poles for safety. The water of the lake is described as clear as the purest crystal, sweet, cool, and most refreshing to the taste; and it abounds with a great variety of excellent fish, which are caught by lines, or casting nets, thrown from the beach, or from the rocks. Not a solitary boat is now to be seen on the Lake of Galilee.

Madox, speaking of the borders of the lake to the south of Tiberias, says: "All the way along the margin of the lake, fine oleanders, in full blossom, were growing, most of them in the water. The corn on the plain was ripe, and being cut (May 15th.)" Dr. E. Clarke remarks: "It is by comparison alone that any due conception can be communicated to the minds of those who have not seen it: speaking of it comparatively, it may be described as longer and finer than any of our Cumberland and Westmoreland lakes, although it be perhaps inferior to Loch Lomond, in Scotland. It does not possess the vastness of the Lake of Geneva, although it much resembles it in certain points of view. In picturesque beauty, it comes nearest to the Lake of Locarno, in Italy."

*"Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea."*

The adjacent country is still, as formerly, remarkably rich and fertile. The majestic palm, the over-hanging fig, the golden citron, the vermillion-flowered pomegranate, the clustering vine, the verdant olive, the oderiferous rose and jasmine trees, the "nabk," or thorn-tree, and other oriental plants, luxuriantly flourish in the pastures and plains, the gardens and glens. The embouchure of the Jordan into the Lake lies in a very "thicket of oleanders." But it is not sublimity and picturesqueness of natural scenery which invest the Galilean Lake and the surrounding country with that character of unparalleled dignity which attracts every Christian pilgrim. Galilee was more honoured by our Saviour's presence than the other parts of the Holy Land. Here Christ was conceived—here he was conveyed by his virgin mother and reputed father after their return from Egypt—here he dwelt from his youth until his baptism by John—hither he returned after his baptism and temptation: and subsequently to his entrance upon his public ministry, though he often visited other provinces, yet he frequently resided here—here he preached and performed miracles—here he met with his followers after his resurrection—his apostles were natives of the same country, and hence were called "men of Galilee."

Lieutenant Lynch, in describing his first impressions of the Galilean Lake, graphically expresses his emotions. The attempt to get horses to draw the boats having failed, and camels having been found to answer very well, the picturesque cavalcade got under weigh for the Lake of Tiberias. Steering across the most level part of the country, without further difficulty than a little bumping and shaking of the boats, the party at length halted upon the

high ground which overlooks the consecrated waters of the Lake of Tiberias.

"Unable," says Mr. Lynch, "to restrain my impatience, I rode ahead, and soon saw below—far down in the green sloping chasm—the Sea of Galilee basking in the sunlight. Like a mirror, it lay embosomed in its rounded and beautiful, but treeless hills. How dear to the christian are the memories of that lake—the lake of the New Testament! Blessed beyond the nature of its element, it has borne the Son of God upon its surface. Its cliffs first echoed the glad tidings of salvation; and from its villages the first of the Apostles were gathered to the ministry. Its placid water and its shelving beach; the ruined cities, once crowded with men; and the everlasting hills, the handiwork of God, all identify and attest the wonderful miracles, the last of which was the crowning act of mercy of an Incarnate God towards his sinful and erring creatures.

A look upon that consecrated lake ever brought to my remembrance the words, '*Peace, be still!*' which not only repressed all noisy exhibition, but soothed for a while all earthly care." *

It is sufficient merely to name Cana, Tiberias, Chorazin, Bethsaida, Nazareth, Capernaum, and Nain, all situated in Galilee, to be reminded of some of the most memorable scenes in the Redeemer's history; and the reminiscences of such sacred scenes invest the lonely shores and rippling waters of the Galilean Lake with an ineffable halo.

In following the wanderings of the adventurous tourist, and the Bedouin Arab, in this interesting locality, our footsteps are in the hallowed track of

* "Narrative of the United States Expedition to the river Jordan and the Dead Sea."

Prophets, Hebrew Bards, and Apostles, or of Him who is greater than all.

It has been well remarked: "There blows were struck which are reverberating through the world still. There words were spoken which assuredly have not returned void to Him who spake them. There he appeared to his disciples after his resurrection. (*John xxi.*) Where thorny jungles now grow, the Saviour of the lost once pointed the wandering to glory and to God."

In the wild solitudes of the mountains, which lift their bare and storm-beaten crags around the sea of Galilee, the "Man of Sorrows" often bowed in prayer; his way-worn sandalled feet often pressed its pebbly beach when he "went about doing good." Here, with no canopy overhead save the serene blue of the Asian sky, the "Great Teacher" spake as "never man spake" to listening multitudes of the "common people"—his pulpit a fisherman's boat—the silvery tones of his voice mingled with the low dull roll of the sun-steeped waves breaking on the rocks and shelving shore.

Near this beach he fed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes: in this lake he caused a fish to be caught with Peter's hook, in which was found a piece of coin to pay the tribute money: here he caused a miraculous draught of fishes to be taken by his disciples: here he walked on the foam-crested billows: and here he stilled the tempest, and said to the raging storm, "Be still."—"O Lord God of Hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee? Thou rulest the raging sea; when the winds thereof arise, thou stillest them."

" Night sinks on the wave,
Hollow gusts are sighing,
Sea-birds to their cave
Through the gloom are flying.
Oh! should storms come sweeping,
Thou in heaven unsleeping,
O'er Thy children vigil keeping,
Hear Thou and save!

Stars look o'er the sea,
Few, and sad, and shrouded;
Faith our light must be
When all else is clouded.
Thou whose voice came thrilling,
Wind and billow stilling,
Speak once more—our prayer fulfilling—
Power dwells with Thee!"

The Contrary Winds.

“And when even was come, the ship was in the midst of the sea, and he alone on the land. And he saw them toiling in rowing, for the wind was contrary unto them.”—*Mark vi., 47.*

“‘Wilt thou leave me thus?’ I cried,
‘Whelm’d beneath the rolling tide?
Ah! return and love me still;
See me subject to Thy will;
Frown with wrath, or smile with grace,
Only let me see Thy face!
Evil I have none to fear,
All is good, if *Thou* art near.
King and Lord, whom I adore,
Shall I see Thy face no more?’”

—*Madame Guyon.*

’Tis evening; calm, bright, and balmy. “Not a breath creeps through the rosy air.” The sun is setting, broad and red, amid rifted masses of ruby and amber-coloured clouds. The gently rippling waters of the lake of Galilee glisten with a mild and mellow lustre. The far-distant hills of Galilee, and the snowy summits of Lebanon, glow with the dying splendour of the bright western horizon. The rugged wilds of Gergesa are purpled with glittering lines of fading light; and the lofty verdurous slopes of Mount Tabor are mantled with a dim golden haze. No sounds disturb the soft hush of eve, but the faint tinkling of the sheep-bell—the rude music of the shepherd’s reed calling the flocks homewards—the lowing of the husbandman’s oxen—the humming of

the wild bee wending its way through the blossoming shrubs to the rocky cell—the first gush of the nightingale's song in the olive-groves, and the measured stroke of the dripping oar in the waters of the lake; the cliff swallow is wheeling by in rapid circles to its nest; the gnats have ceased their play; the beautiful gazelle has gone to rest.

The sun has sunk, and the deep night-shades gloom on the scene apace. The beautiful vesper star is glittering brightly in the heavens. "Yet when the sun was gone, he was scarcely regretted: evening came on, with so beautiful and bright an aspect, with such diamond stars, and azure sky, and fragrant flower-smells, and softened sounds."

Thus, balmy and sweet, was the calm of the early eve, we imagine, when the disciples, at the bidding of their Divine Master, set sail for the opposite shores of the lake. The multitude among whom Jesus had ministered, and performed some of his most glorious miracles, have returned to their Galilean homes. "And when he had sent them away, he departed into a mountain to pray." The evangelist John adds, that after the day's toil and miracles, the people were so fully convinced of the Divine Authority of Christ's mission that they purposed "to take him by force, to make him a King;" but he thwarted their well-meant, but mistaken policy, by suddenly retiring to the mountain wilds. In yon rugged solitudes, which echo with the vulture's hoarse cry and the roaming jackal's wild shriek, the voice of Jesus trembles on the cool night-breeze in earnest prayer.

The pale lustre of the crescent moon gleams above Lebanon, and is reflected in a long trail of silvery light upon the bright blue sea. The vessel of the disciples is floating as tranquilly over the glassy

heave of the star-spangled waters, as a stately Gondola in the placid moonlit canals of Venice.

But an unpleasant and boisterous change of weather is brewing in the lap of this lovely calm.

"All on a sudden darken'd are the skies,
The lamp of heaven obscur'd, the winds arise,
Waves swell like mountains——"

With what startling suddenness this serene and bright scene changes to darkness and turbulence! The moaning gale freshens and stiffens. The intense lustre of the azure sky is gloomily overcast with heavy threatening clouds; the pale and sickly looking young moon disappears in the deepening darkness of the impending storm. The rolling sea is heavily agitated, its billows are swelling in foamy ridges, and tumbling in masses of surf on the distant rocks. A thundering blast sweeps down from the mountains with wild wolfish howls—"the vessel works for life;" with flapping canvas, rattling cordage, and shaking timbers, she plunges with her anxious crew from wave to wave in the troubled waters like a sea-gull.

"And it was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them. And the sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew:" a strong wind, loudly roaring, causing large waves; agitated, rolling and surging in heavy swells.

Adam Clarke remarks that one MS. reads that the vessel was plunged under the waves—the billows often breaking over its gunwale. St. Matthew says, "But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves; for the wind was contrary." So that the position of the Galilean voyagers was one of extreme hardship, toil, and peril.

And how often the calm and sunny course of earthly comfort and enjoyment is suddenly ruffled, darkened, and bestormed by howling blasts of adverse circumstances. In the language of the psalmist, we have occasion to exclaim, "My soul is full of troubles; and my life draweth nigh unto the grave. Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps. Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves."

"We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."

The Rev. Newman Hall graphically remarks—"The stormy gales of trouble blow from various quarters. Bitter disappointments, grievous losses, perplexing cares, anxious apprehensions, pinching poverty, the injuries of foes, and, far worse, the slights of friends; painful diseases, suspension of beloved activities, prostrated strength, debilitated faculties, weary wakefulness, gnawing pain, or heart-breaking bereavements, tearing from us those with whom our very life was bound together, leaving a blank nothing earthly can fill; or a wounded spirit bending beneath the burden of undeveloped anguish, or severe conflicts with the great adversary of souls; harassing temptations, distorted views of truth, awful terrors of mind, gloomy doubts, dark despondency. O what black clouds do such stormy winds as these often cause to gather round the believer, so that scarcely a ray of light can struggle through to cheer him as he is tossed up and down amid the billows."

The rough gale encountered by the disciples was providential—a "stormy wind fulfilling his word." Their boisterous voyage was the path of duty; they were doing the bidding of their Lord and Master.

It was at His urgent command that they put to sea. Christ doubtless foresaw the approaching storm. Hence the disciples, amid all the apparent danger of the winds and waves, were safe under his special protection. "And straightway Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and to go before him unto the other side." How very different were the circumstances of their voyage to the pitiable and perilous plight in which poor Jonah became involved, when he embarked from Joppa for Tarshish, to "flee from the presence of the Lord."

"But the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken." Flavel quaintly remarks, "These were God's bailiffs, to arrest the runaway prophet."

"Take me up," said Jonah to the mariners, "and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you; for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you."

Whatever may be the difficulty, danger, and distress of our circumstances—while in the plain path of duty, we have nothing to apprehend; in the wildest blasts of tribulation we are perfectly safe. Though it may seem paradoxical, we are sometimes more secure in apparent danger than we should be out of it. At the trumpet-call of duty we may fearlessly plunge into the most tempestuous sea. "In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence." "Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned."

neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Then let the opposing storm roar, blacken, thunder, and "spit fire."

Thus the disciples, with unbending resolution, pulled away at their oars, against wind and tide. They did not tack round to come back again. Through the driving blast they push forward. Every rolling billow says, "No!" but every stroke of their oars says, "Yes!" As loud as the roaring blast howls "No," the toiling, persevering boat's crew shout "Yes!" Dr. A. Clarke says, "It was their duty to tug at the oar, expecting the appearing of their Lord and Master. So it is the duty of the ministers of Christ to embark, and sail into the sea of persecution and dangerous trial, in order to save souls. There may be darkness for a time—they must row. The waves may rise high—they must row on. The wind may be contrary—still they must tug at the oar. Jesus will appear, lay the storm, calm the sea, and they shall have souls for their hire. The vessel will get to land, and speedily too. There are particular times in which the Lord pours out his Spirit, and multitudes are quickly convinced and converted. 'Alas!' says one, 'I see no fruit of my labour; no return of my prayers and tears.' Take courage, man, tug on; thou shalt not labour in vain, nor spend thy strength for nought. What he does thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. Great grace and great peace await thee; take courage, and tug on." * While in the way of duty, carrying out great principles, performing the behests of heaven, whether in passive suffering or active labour—

"Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to reach the blest shore:"

* Dr. Adam Clarke's "Commentary."

however formidable the difficulty, however imminent the danger, however severe the trial, let us be resolute and unyielding; never succumb, never blanch, never falter; but press onwards, upwards, heavenwards, God-wards, through blast and flood, darkness, flame, and thunder!

When our immortal Milton was smitten with blindness, he did not cower in despairing sorrow—in this dark and withering blast of affliction, he did not drift helplessly and complainingly in the troubled surging tide. In life's decline—infirm, sightless, neglected—amid privation, disaster, clamour, tumult, and rayless gloom—he firmly grasped his oars, and struggled fearlessly through the lowering, murky, howling storm. In a communication to his friend, Cyriac Skinner, three years after his loss of sight, he says—

“Cyriac, this three years' day, these eyes, tho' clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear,
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman; yet, I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, Friend, to have lost them overply'd
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.”

Glorious, blind, suffering bard! thou hast taught us how to “make our lives sublime,” amid darkness, desolation, and distress—to grasp the helm in the turbulence of the tempest, amid shoals and breakers—*Nil desperandum*—nothing to be despaired of.

Distressed, unsheltered, unbefriended sufferer—take heart amid the pelting of the blasts of life.

them in the darkness of their perilous voyage. "And does not Jesus remember us for good, while tossed amid life's stormy scenes? Does not he watch over us? Does not he intercede for us? Has he ever abandoned us to the fury of the hurricane?"

"But Zion said: "The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee."

At the battle of Rephidim, when the Israelites signally defeated the Amalekites, during the heat of the conflict Moses prayed with God for them on the top of the hill. And is not Jesus on the mountain pleading for us? "Who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

Burkitt remarks: "It is the singular comfort of the church, that in all her difficulties and distresses, Christ is interceding for her: when she is on the sea conflicting with the waves, Christ is upon the mountain praying for her preservation."

"The morning cometh."

"Morn,
Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hands
Unbars the gates of light."

Streaks of crystal light illumine the solid gloom of the orient. The dark and rugged mountain masses of Gaulonitis faintly glimmer in the pale twilight beams. Night prepares to furl her sable, star-

spangled standard, and retreat before the shower of Aurora's golden arrows. The wild deer trips from snowy height, by mountains misty top, to bubbling glassy font. 'Tis the fourth watch. The Jews anciently divided the night into three watches of four hours each—the first, the middle, and the morning watch; but subsequent to the captivity, the custom of Rome and Greece was adopted, which divided the twelve hours of the night into four watches, the first commencing at six in the evening.

The day breaks. The crimson and golden colourings of the rising sun gleam and glisten on rock and mountain, forest and stream.

In the fourth watch, Jesus appeared to his weather-beaten, worn-out disciples, or between three and six o'clock in the morning, probably in the early part of the watch. It was in the morning watch that the Lord revealed his majesty and power in behalf of the children of Israel in the Red Sea passage.

“And it came to pass, that in the morning watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians; and took off their chariot wheels, that they drove them heavily: so that the Egyptians said, ‘Let us flee from the face of Israel, for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians.’” What a terrible look was that! “When, as the Egyptians are pressing down the dry channels, and treading in the shadows, and just fixing their grasp upon their foes, the Lord, through the pillar of fire and of cloud, looks unto the host of the Egyptians, and troubles them. That pillar shapes itself into an eye, which sends a separate dismay into each Egyptian heart, and all is felt to

be lost: Pharaoh's eye meets Jehovah's in that grim hour!" *

Tried and weary sufferers, wait patiently, wait for the "morning watch." The bright day of salvation—the glory of eternal day will dawn upon your night of darkness, storm, and sorrow. How eagerly the endangered mariner looks forward to the break of day. Thus let us look and wait for the brilliant dawn of the "fourth watch"—"until the day break and the shadows flee away." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Help will come in due time—Jesus will appear in all his majesty to save. "My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning." "Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices."

How mysterious and startling was the manner of our Lord's appearance to his disciples! "Jesus went unto them walking on the sea." What a sublime spectacle! Jesus approaching the labouring skiff of the disciples, walking over the stormy billows. Two feet walking on the sea is an hieroglyphic of the Egyptians, to denote an impossibility. It is the prerogative of God to walk on the sea. "Which alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea." "Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known."

Then Christ is divine—"the great God"—for he walked on the rolling sea; its foam-crested waves were consolidated beneath his footstep, like a path of rock on *terra firma*. This suspension of the laws of gravitation was a proper manifestation of Omni-

* "Bards of the Bible," by G. Gilfillan, p. 317.

potence. That almighty power, that "dried the sea, the waters of the great deep; that made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over"—now trod the waves of the Galilean sea. "Thou didst walk through the sea with thine horses, through the heap of great waters."

No night, however dark; no sea, however tempestuous; no circumstances of peril, distress, and tribulation, can separate us from the love of Christ. He has "waded through a sea of blood, and through a sea of wrath," to save the world. The mysterious appearance of the Redeemer greatly awed and alarmed his disciples. Instead of hailing his approach, and wearing about to take him on board, they were pale and paralyzed with terror. "And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying—It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear." "Their warm blood freezes; their eyes like stars start from their spheres; and their knotted and combined locks part, and each particular hair stands on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine." To their terrified imagination he appeared like the spectral "gliding of a terrible light, which darts across the desert in a stormy night"—an evil genius, a cacodemon, the "ghost who embroiled the night." Never had the disciples less ground for fear, and never, perhaps, were they in a state of greatest trepidation. Thus, like them, we are often troubled and perplexed with phantoms and evils of our own fancy and creation—"more frightened than hurt."

Whatever form of evil, alarm, and terror, may assail and haunt us, we should boldly confront it, and bravely grapple it: "I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape, and bid me hold my peace." We should live above fear. A stout heart, an iron

will, and a strong hand can accomplish prodigies.
“Fear not.”

“Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Affrighted crew, give your fears to the whistling winds. It is not an apparition that haunts you. It is Jesus stemming the tumultuous billows! “Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid.” “It is I; your Friend, your Pilot, your Saviour, your God!” “It is I.” Who? He whose voice of power thundered in the gloom of primeval chaos—“*fiat lux*—let there be light: and there was light.” He whose voice of majesty “answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, Who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb? When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it; and brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors; and said, hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?” He whose gracious “still small voice” was heard by Elijah in the cave of Horeb—when

“The thunder ceased—the earthquake’s violent rush
was quieted—the lightnings flashed no more.”

“It is I:” the Maker of the “tremendous sea,”—who grasps the chainless winds—who sounds the “fierce trumpet of the storm”—and who “hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand.”

And in every dark and stormy scene of sorrow and distress that may await us, Jesus will not fail

to appear and breathe the music of his voice in the roaring blast—"It is I; be not afraid."

"Our rigging may be rent, our sails torn, our rudder lost, our vessel dismasted, leaky, and almost a wreck; but when Jesus says, 'It is I,' we cannot sink." *

The following case is peculiarly instructive and consolatory: Harriet Stoneman, of Cerne, Dorset, suffering the deepest poverty and the severest affliction, her frail form emaciated with a most virulent disease, being covered with painful wounds, some of her bones shattered and broken, a part of her face consumed, one of her eyes lost; yet, amid this heavy, most complicated affliction, she could say, "My afflictions are very suitable to me: I am much happier than when possessed of every member of this sinful frame." And when her gushing tears flowed, she said, "Jesus seemed to hush my rising grief, saying, 'It is I; be not afraid!'" †

Trembling, bleeding, languishing, toiling, weary, helpless sufferers, wait patiently—with uncomplaining resignation wait for the dawn of the "Fourth watch;" and, with the breaking of its golden beams, Jesus will surely appear, walking on the stormy surges of your "sea of distress," saying, "It is I, be not afraid!" perchance to welcome you to yon happier sphere, to

"Navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud."

"Jesus, as Pilot, at the helm doth stand;
The Spirit is the breeze that wafts to land;
Death the last billow, soon to break on shore;
Eternity the coast, where time's no more."

* Rev. N. Hall, B.A.

† "Gold Tried in the Fire," by the Rev. T. Curme.

The Storm on the Lake.

"And, behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, inso-much that the ship was covered with waves."—*Matthew* viii, 24.

"The tide is strong against us ; good oarsmen, pull or perish ;
If your arms be slack for fear, ye shall not stem the torrent."

Tupper.

THE sea ! the sea ! what an object of sublimity !
How truly glorious in all its rolling aspects ! Who
can contemplate this "strongest of creation's sons,
unconquerable, unrepoused, untired," without being
thrilled to the core of the soul's emotion. Whether
slumbering in star-lit beauty, silvered with pearly
moonbeams, glittering in the golden solar glory,
rippled by the zephyr's breath, or blackened by the
hurricane's frown—how grand the mighty rolling
sea !

"Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity,
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill ;
From age to age enduring and unchanged,
Majestical, inimitable, vast."

"O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom
hast thou made them all : the earth is full of thy
riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are
things creeping innumerable, both small and great
beasts. There go the ships : there is that Leviathan,
whom thou hast made to play therein."

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

Thus the Galilean voyagers were driven, tossed, and endangered amid the wild winds and mad waves. They were overtaken by a very heavy, furious storm. "And, behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, &c." The original Greek, which means to shake, agitate, cause to quake, throw into commotion, is expressive of a very roughly agitated, raging, boisterous sea. The struggling bark was like a fragment of sea-weed thrown from wave to wave, shipping heavy seas, immense winding-sheets of foamy spray, breaking over her bows and gunwale; all her timbers shaking, from the stem to the stern-post.

"White are her decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every shroud;
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears,
And instant death on every wave appears."

Dr. Adam Clarke intimates that this storm was supernatural—"Probably excited by Satan, 'the prince of the power of the air,' who having got the

author and all the preachers of the gospel together in a small boat, thought by drowning it to defeat the purposes of God, and thus prevent the salvation of a world. What a noble opportunity this hour offered to the enemy of the human race!"

But we conceive that this view of the matter is untenable, far-fetched, and puerile. The hushing of the storm was supernatural—the storm itself was natural.

Mark! Christ was in the storm-beaten ship, but his presence did not exempt his disciples from an exposure to distress and peril. Hence, in the service of Christ, we must not expect always to glide along calmly and pleasantly over the smooth surface of a sunny, untroubled sea.

"Think not that you may shut your eyes, and fold your hands, and nestle your cheek upon some balmy pillow, and thus without any trouble be wafted to heaven, like an eastern nabob in a silken palanquin." We must prepare to "rough it." We must be ready to grasp the helm in the turbulence of the tempest, amid shoals and breakers. We must prepare, for Christ's sake, to encounter reproach, persecution, distress, danger, and death. The way to heaven is through the storm. Thus it is said of the bright and happy spirits before the throne, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." And better, far better, go to heaven through the storm—over waves of fire and blood, "scudding under bare poles"—than go to hell in the lulling calm of earthly ease and pleasure.

"The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies."

Then, when the "floods of ungodly men" make us afraid; when "deep calleth unto deep," and all the waves and billows of unmitigated sorrow and calamity roll over us; when in "deep waters," and the deep threatens to "swallow us up," let us be firm! never blench from the helm.

"Stand boldly to thy tiller; guide thee by the pole-star, and be safe."

"Indeed," remarks Henry Ward Beecher, "to stand composedly in the storm, amidst its rage and wildest devastations; to let it beat over you, and roar around you, and pass by you, and leave you undismayed! this is to be a man."

"Ah, if our souls but poise and swing,
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true,
To the toil and the task we have to do;
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The heavenly Isle, on whose shining beach
The sights we love and the sounds we hear
Will be those of joy, and not of fear."

The Signal of Distress.

"Lord, save us: we perish."—*Matthew viii, 25.*

"Despair above her flag has set,
And hope her pinions plumed for flight,
And ruin hovers round the wreck,
And rayless, starless is the night."

"We kept firing signal-guns until morning," says the narrator of a recent terrible wreck; but when the disciples of Christ were foundering in the storm, their only signal-gun of distress was fervent and earnest prayer to Him who is "mighty to save." This is a signal for help that never fails. The signal-gun of a ship in distress is not always heard, and is sometimes heard when no human power can aid and save the perishing. But "effectual fervent prayer availeth much," in the most imminent perils and heaviest distresses.

"Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses." "And his disciples came to him, and awoke him, saying, 'Lord, save us: we perish.' And he saith unto them, 'Why are ye fearful? O ye of little faith, &c.'"

What potency in that trembling, feeble, half-despairing prayer! It instantly moved the Omnipotent Power that hushed the storm and saved the sinking ship. "A little faith" is better than none at all. "Lord, increase our faith."

"Is there a praying man on board?" said a captain once in a heavy storm, in which the wreck of his bark seemed inevitable. "Is there a praying man on board?" At the first inquiry no one answered. Eventually it was found that there was a person on board who had formerly been a Wesleyan, but who had "cast away" his "confidence." "Can you pray?" said the captain to him. "I could once, sir," he tremblingly replied; "but I have left off praying." "Try again," said the captain. And all the crew bowed down to that Almighty Being

"That rides upon the stormy skies,
And calms the roaring seas;"

whilst the poor backslider tried to pray, and did pray, fervently, powerfully, and successfully; for the storm subsided, and the vessel was preserved.

Carlyle, the celebrated literary oracle, in his biography of Sterling, with a sceptic sneer, burlesques the sublime and sacred idea of prayer to the Deity for help in trouble. When the subject of his biographical sketch, overwhelmed with sorrow and affliction, in stark helplessness appeals to God for aid that no man can give himself—for light which no human soul has ever yet kindled for itself; then, if Carlyle is to be believed, the helpless sufferer is seeking "bottled moonshine!"—following "illusions till they burst," and inquiring of "Fate without lamp or authentic finger-post!" What trashy, miserable stuff! We oppose to such "profane and vain babblings" the precious, unsophisticated scriptures of eternal truth. "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry. The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and

delivereth them out of all their troubles." "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

The illustrious Lamartine, in his *Raphael*, remarks, "Who knows if prayer, that mysterious communion with the invisible Omnipotent, be not, in effect, the greatest of the natural or supernatural forces of man? Who knows whether the Supreme and Immortal Will did not wish, from all eternity, to inspire and instigate it in him who prays, and to make man himself thus participate, by invocation, in the mechanism of his own destiny? In all cases, prayer is the most sublime of man's privileges, since it is that which permits him to address God; and even if God be deaf, we should pray to him still; for if his greatness were not to hear us, our greatness should be to pray to him."

Prayer has been well described as the soul of religion, imparting life, and energy, and motive, to whatever is lofty in human character.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer."

Kossuth, the late Governor of Hungary, on the battle-field of Kapolna, with uncovered head knelt on the gory turf, and sought strength and refuge in prayer: some passages from his earnest and eloquent prayer on that occasion we here subjoin.—
"Exalted Ruler of the universe, God of the warriors of Arpad, look down from thy starry throne upon thine unworthy servant, from whose lips the prayer of millions ascends to heaven, exalting the infinite power of thine Omnipotence. My God, thy bright

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sun shines above me, whilst beneath my knees rest the bones of my fallen brothers. Thy stainless azure over-canopies us; but beneath, the earth is red with the blood of the children of our fathers. God of my fathers and of my race, hear my supplications. Forsake us not in the hour of need, great God of battles. Bless our efforts to promote that liberty of which Thine own Spirit is the essence; for to Thee, in the name of a whole people, I ascribe all honour and praise."

Thus, on the eve of battle, the warrior invokes the God of battles to nerve his arm, shield him in the conflict, and defend his country's cause. The red-browed Indian, ere he leaves his rude wigwam home, for the wilds of the forest and prairie, makes anxious supplication to the "Great Spirit" for success in the chase. Amid the swelling of the raging sea, the poor mariner calls aloud for deliverance, to the Almighty Power, "which stilleth the noise of the seas; the noise of their waves." In prayer the trembling penitent clasps the cross, and his guilt-burdened spirit finds repose in Jesus. And where, in the "dark and cloudy day" of trouble and calamity, are we to look for help and consolation? *Spes mea in Deo*—my hope is in God.

"From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat."

Robert Hall remarks, "The prayer of faith is the only power in the universe to which the great Jehovah yields: he looks upon every other power as more or less opposed to him; but he looks upon this as a confession of man's dependence, as an

appropriate homage to his greatness ; as an attraction which brings down his divine agency to the earth."

Jules Gérard, the famous Algerian "lion killer," in his wild and perilous adventures, had faith in the power of prayer, as well as in the sure and deadly aim of his rifle. On one occasion, after passing several dreary hours of a winter's night up to his knees in snow, amid the ridges of a lofty mountain, he found himself face to face with a huge lion, which had stealthily approached within a few paces of his place of ambush. For a moment he was completely unnerved. "But I am not in the habit," he says, "of trusting in my own strength ; I lifted my eyes for a moment to heaven ; and conscious that I did not wage war against the lion either from vain-glory or from the desire of gain, I confidently asked for help. In one instant my pulse was as calm as it is this moment, my arm as firm as if it had been of steel, and in the next the lion was lying dead, almost at my feet." *

The following incident most strikingly exemplifies the power of prayer. The Rev. J. F——, during his official residence in London, was once subjected to a very severe and heavy trial. For a considerable period it occasioned the most painful agitation, perplexity, and depression of mind. His beclouded, restless, anguished spirit was unable to find repose, even at the throne of grace, his energies were shackled, his path hedged up with difficulty, his sky darkened. At length deliverance came, sudden and bright as a flash of lightning, the thought darted through his mind—"Clowes is praying for me!" Heaven opened upon his soul with "beams of sacred

* "The Life and Adventures of Jules Gérard."

bliss : " and care, and fear, and sorrow fled away like the murky shadows of night before the orb of day, looming through the morning mists.

Subsequently, Mr. F———had occasion to visit the venerable Clowes, at Hull, when he narrated to him the circumstance of his recent trial, and his remarkable deliverance therefrom. Mr. Clowes remarked, " I know all about that. On the date of your deliverance, I was so powerfully impressed and concerned on your account—why, I knew not—that I was drawn out in earnest prayer for you ; and I prayed until I felt that I touched God, and prevailed." " Brother F———," he added, " don't you believe that God is a Spirit—an Infinite Spirit ? And don't you believe that besides that clayey body, you possess an immaterial spirit ? And am not I also possessed of a spirit ? And don't you think that it is possible for my spirit to touch the Infinite Spirit in prayer, on your behalf ? And may not the Spirit of God, in answer to prayer, touch your spirit ? And thus spirit may meet spirit, blend with spirit, in light, and power, and flame, and fire, and glory ! "

Such is the sublime philosophy of prayer, expressed, as nearly as memory can serve us, in the racy language of one who often wielded the thunder of its power with an almost Elijah-like grasp.

Let those who are disposed to smile at our credulity, with regard to the power of prayer, ponder the great scriptural fact—" Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain : and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit."

“He whose faith
Had power o’er nature’s elements, to seal
The dripping cloud—to wield the lightning’s dart.”

When we speak of the prayer of faith, and its power with God, we do not intend the popish mummery of counting the beads of the rosary, or the “vain repetition” of unfelt devotional formularies; “will-worship;” mere bodily genuflexion and prostration before the altar, or toward the east; obstreperous, hypocritical clamour; or formal lip worship—cold, feeble, mechanical, and devoid of spiritual energy.

What better are many persons, with regard to the offering of “fervent and effectual prayer,” than the prayer-mills of the Calmuc Tartars of Astrakhan? The worship of the Calmucs consists chiefly in setting in motion a peculiar sort of mill, to which their priests attend. The prayers of the people are written on scraps of paper, and attached to the prayer-mill. The Calmucs imagine that atmospheric motion is all that is requisite in prayer; so, to save their own lazy breath, they avail themselves of a praying windmill. Prayer without spiritual fervour—prayer without earnest importunity—prayer without faith—prayer without reference to the atonement of the cross—prayer without the influence of the Holy Ghost—is futile, virtueless, powerless: it passes away from the lips of the offerer like the sigh of an Æolian harp on the whispering wind!

The simple, earnest cry, “Lord save us: we perish!” has often flashed like an electric flame to the skies. That wild cry of helpless distress, “Lord, save us: we perish!” has scattered many a lowering cloud—averted many a gathering storm—saved many a sinking ship—and opened heaven to many a perishing soul.

“Frail art thou, O man, as a bubble on the breakers;
Yet thy momentary breath can still the raging waters:
Thy hand can touch the lever that may move the world.”

Captain W——, of H——, in the N——, once encountered a very furious storm when off a dangerous part of our north-east coast. It was a pitchy dark night; the wind swept over the raging deep in wild thunderous blasts; the stormy billows of the German Ocean swelled and rolled in heavy surging seas. Captain W——'s vessel, with close reefed sails, a keen watch looking out from her bows, and with a firm hand on her helm, plunged in the trough of the troubled sea—struggling with the roaring blast, from tack to tack, like a thing of life. The fury of the storm increased; the ship became almost unmanageable; she would scarcely answer the helm; and her straining timbers sprung a leak. The pumps were rigged, manned, and worked, but with very little effect; it was with great difficulty that the water was kept from gaining on the hold of the vessel. And at length, a lee shore was dimly discovered in the midnight gloom. Thitherward the blast was driving the vessel. A rough, shelving beach, and jagged masses of rock, over which the breakers foamed and thundered. Wreck seemed inevitable. The captain and his crew prepared for the worst. With a watery grave before them, all thought of home and of eternity. Captain W—— had taken off his top-coat and heavy boots, intending, if possible, to swim for his life, in the event of foundering. For a moment a big tear-drop dimmed his eye, when he thought of the danger of sinking to a watery grave, in the flower of his days; and of leaving his wife a widow, and his daughter an orphan.

Suddenly rousing himself, he resolved—"I'll try what prayer can do." He repaired to his cabin, and bowed before God in earnest prayer. "Lord," said he, "If thou wilt give us two points of the compass, we shall be saved! O Lord, shift the wind two points, and we shall be saved." He arose from this brief interval of prayer refreshed, and confident in hope of deliverance, hastened on deck, looked at the binnacle, or compass box, which indicated a sudden change in the wind—just two points of the compass in the tempest-tossed vessel's favour. Captain W——, rallying his dispirited crew, said, "My lads, we shall be saved! the wind has shifted two points. Spread sail, and tack about." Instantly the ship's helm was "a-lee;" her bows seaward; breakers and rocks were cleared; and the "desired haven" safely reached.

"Prayer is a creature's strength his very heart and being:
Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket-gate of
mercy:

Prayer is the magic sound that saith to fate, "So be it:"

Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of
Omnipotence.

Wherefore, pray, O creature, for many and great are thy
wants:

Thy mind, thy conscience, and thy being, thy rights commend
thee unto prayer—

The cure of all cares, the grand panacea for all pains—

Doubt's destroyer, ruin's remedy, the antidote of all anxieties."

Tupper.

The Pilot on Board.

"But he was asleep."—*Matthew viii, 24.*

"Who lifts up on high
The ocean's maddening waves, tremendous sight?
Or bids them sleep along the feeble sands?
'Tis God alone."—*Pollok.*

JULIUS Cæsar once embarked in a vessel in the darkness of the night, disguised as a slave. On the voyage a tempest arose, so that the pilot despaired of making his passage, and ordered the mariners to turn back. At this juncture, Cæsar threw off his incognito, and discovering himself to the pilot, said, "Go forward, my friend, and fear nothing; thou carriest Cæsar and his fortune!" The pilot and his crew then seemed reckless of danger and fatigue, and vigorously pulling at their oars, endeavoured to overcome the resistance of the waves.

But a greater than Cæsar is here! Jesus is on board! the God of the chainless winds—the God of the waves—the God of providence. Burkitt quaintly remarks, "The disciples forgot that the Lord High Admiral of the ocean was now on board their ship."

"But he was asleep." St. Mark says, "And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow." The original denotes the place at which the steersman usually sat, which afforded convenience for passengers. The conjecture of Michaelis, that Jesus himself steered the ship, is very improbable. ~~World~~

he have slumbered at the helm in a storm. The original describes a particular part of the vessel's furniture. Some think that it denotes a piece of wood, framed, at the stern; but others, with more critical accuracy, a leather stuffed cushion; not a mere pillow for the head, but a cushion on which one might sit or lie down. The frail and wearied humanity of Jesus rested in "balmy sleep;" his Divine Providence did not slumber. "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." "Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God—the Lord—the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?"

" There is an eye that never sleeps,
 Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
 When sinks the beam of light.
That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That ear is filled with angels' songs."

The "great Ear"—that listens with ineffable complacency to the symphonies of heaven's harps and anthems—hears, well pleased, the warblings of the merry lark, upsoaring from the dewy mead; the buzzing of the tiny insect; the cooing of the dove; the humming of the wild bee, fluttering round the rose; and the weakest accents of praise and prayer that human lips can form.

We have a firm and cheerful belief in the benign and particular providence of God. We indignantly repudiate those dishonourable views of the Deity, which have the least smack of the Epicurean philosophy, and of the porch of Zeno. Epicurus, the Athenian philosopher, represented the Deity as enthroned alone, in his divine solitude and grandeur, utterly indifferent to the poor affairs of mortals.

And Enfield remarks, "Providence, in the Stoic creed, is only another name for absolute necessity, or fate, to which God and matter, or the universe, which consists of both, is immutably subject."

Some think that the bark of our frail humanity is in the hands of fate, fortune, chance, luck, destiny, or under planetary influence. Napoleon Buonaparte often expressed faith in his "star"—his *destiny*. But these Pagan figments, chimeras, and "profane and old wives' fables," form no part of our credenda; we throw the entire batch overboard! Jesus is in the vessel! Divine Providence grasps and guides the helm!

The notorious socialist infidel, Robert Owen, with a pen dipped in the "poison of asps," ridicules our faith in God's gracious Providence, as follows: "Thus, civilised man, in the wild freaks of his inventive powers, has formed in his imagination a male personality of some figure and extent, occupying some place in the universe, which he calls Deity; this Being, at the same time, taking a most especial care of man; exerting an especial Providence over every thought and action of each individual who prays to and worships him!" *

Poor, wretched, purblind mortal! "having no hope, and without God in the world."

"Oh, lives there, heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of chance!—
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean wrecks illuminate the storm;
And when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To-night and silence sink for evermore!"

T. Campbell.

- * Discussion between the Rev. Mr. Roebuck and Mr. R. Owen, Manchester.

Away with the senseless rant and mumbling of infidel philosophy! Give us—give the world—the sublime and holy teachings of the “glorious gospel!”

“Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten before God. But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows.”

It was the thought of God’s gracious and all-embracing providence, as manifested in the culture and beauty of the desert-moss, that cheered and sustained the despairing bosom of Mungo Park, when plundered and perishing in the arid wilds of Africa.

Plato pronounced those mad who denied the doctrine of Divine Providence.

The motto of the right honourable Robert Boyle, and which he desired to be engraven on his tomb, was—“God’s Providence is my inheritance!”

“We are balanced,” said Luther, “in the hand of the Lord, as a ship upon the sea, or a cloud in the sky.”

All our wants and interests; all the circumstances and vicissitudes of our earthly course, are under the special and unfailing guardianship of the “mighty God of Jacob:”

“Who gives its lustre to an insect’s wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.”

The Omnipotent hand, that hangs the earth over the empty space—that wheels planets in their orbits—that kindles the comet’s blaze—that makes “a way for the lightning of thunder”—that marshals the mighty ranks of cherubim and seraphim, is also

ever engaged in making "all things work together for good to them that love God."

"All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impress'd with sacred love !
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee ;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time ;
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all."

Cowper.

The Storm Hushed.

"And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, 'Peace, be still!' And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm."—*Mark iv, 39.*

"God of the dark and heavy deep !
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their thundering bands ;
Then the white sails are dashed in foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till calmed by Thee, the sinking gale,
Serenely breathes, depart in peace."—*Peabody.*

WHAT a sublime spectacle ! Christ with "Peace, be still," hushing the tumultuous sea into a calm ! "He spake, and it was done." In what superhuman grandeur of character he appears ! What a stupendous display of authority, power, and majesty !

"But the men marvelled, saying, 'What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him !'"

"The waters," says a critic, "heard that voice, which commanded universal nature into being. They sank at his command, who has the sole privilege of saying to that unruly element, "Hitherto shalt thou pass, and no further : here shall thy proud waves be stayed.'" Another profound and eloquent writer, in describing the sublime spectacle of Jesus rebuking the thousand waves of the Galilean lake, says, "It was in the height of the tempest,

amidst the very rage and fury of the elements, and in the extremity of danger, that he issued his authoritative command, 'and there was a great calm.' The very simplicity of the narrative heightens the sublimity of the whole scene, as it passes before us. The suddenness and fury of the tempest; the vessel labouring among the overwhelming waves; the terror of the disciples; the calm repose of Jesus, asleep amid all this uproar: the majesty of his action—'he arose and rebuked the wind and the sea;' the immediate effect—'there was a great calm!' *

In the old Scandinavian mythology, Thor was worshipped as the supreme ruler of the ærial regions; he was supposed to launch the thunder; to point the lightning; to direct the meteors, winds, and storms. The fifth day of the week was dedicated to him, and called after his name, Thor's day—Thursday.

It was likewise supposed that Lapland witches had power to bottle up both fair winds and foul, and sell them by the dozen!

What mythical crudities? what spiritual monstrosities! what grim superstitions!

Thank God, the gospel's glorious light hath for ever dispelled the moral gloom of "the times of this ignorance."

Christ commanded the raging elements, and they instantly obeyed him; for "he is Lord of all." What but the power of Omnipotence could thus command, control, and hush to breathlessness and calm, the mighty tempest wind—the monarch of all the elements?

"He bringeth the wind out of his treasures." He

"hath gathered the wind in his fists." It is his prerogative to determine the quarter from which it blows—the time of its rising and falling—the degree of its influence, and the quality of its effects.

Leguinia, a French atheist, says of Christ—"He called himself the Son of God; and who among mortals dare say he was not?" Rousseau, another French infidel, says, in his remarkable confession respecting the gospel, "Is it possible, that the sacred personage whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man?"

We reply in the language of the gospel, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?" "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." "Emmanuel, God with us." God with us, in the mystery of his incarnation; God with us, in the light of his wisdom; God with us, in the grandeur of his power; God with us, in the infinitude of his love."

"What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back? At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away."

The eloquent Roman, Cicero, in one of his immortal orations, in which he speaks in the loftiest terms of the greatness and renown of Pompey, says, "That not only did his countrymen always concur with, his allies perform, and his enemies submit to, whatever he desired, but even the winds and waves seem to have been obsequious to his will!"

That was a vain and empty boast. What would the Roman orator have said, if he had beheld Jesus

hushing the tempest with his voice? The stormy sea was indeed obsequious to the will of Christ. "Peace, be still: and there was a great calm!" After the subsidence of the tempest, there is generally a rough fret of the waters; a heavy ground swell; but this mighty storm was instantly stilled: all remains of it perfectly allayed; "as when a noble war-horse, flying swiftly over the plain, obeys his rider's check, and stops on the very spot required."

Xerxes, the king of Persia, in his fancied supremacy, ordered chains to be thrown into the sea, and the waves to be well whipped, because a bridge of boats he had laid across the Hellespont had been destroyed by a storm. But the mighty monarch who commanded millions in the battle-field, was powerless and puny when he attempted to grasp "the ocean's mane," and subdue the rolling billows with a cord-lash and rusty iron fetter.

Canute, one of our ancient kings, wishing to reprove the senseless flattery of his courtiers, who affected to believe that his power was uncontrollable, and that the elements of nature would obey his mandate; ordered his chair to be set on the sea-shore, when the tide was flowing in, and commanded the billows to retire. "Thou art under my dominion," he cried to the ocean's tide; "the land upon which I sit is mine; I charge thee, therefore, not to approach, nor dare to wet the feet of thy sovereign." But the sea refused obedience to his voice! On! on! on swelled, dashed, and rolled its billows, towards the princely Dane; and would have rolled over "his majesty," if he had not moved pretty quickly out of the way. Then turning to his obsequious courtiers, he said, that the "titles of

Lord and Master belong only to Him whom both earth and seas obey."

Napoleon was once made to feel his littleness and impotence, when at the height of his power and glory, in a storm at sea, off Boulogne. His mighty fleet lay before him, proudly riding at anchor. Wishing to review it in the open sea, he desired Admiral Bruise to change the position of the ships. Foreseeing that a fearful storm was gathering, the Admiral respectfully declined obedience to the Emperor's commands. The ominous stillness of the atmosphere—the darkening sky—the lowering clouds—the rumbling of distant thunder—fully justified the fears entertained by the Admiral. But Napoleon, in a rage, peremptorily demanded obedience to his iron will. Vice-Admiral Magon obeyed the order. The threatening storm burst with terrible fury. Several gun-sloops were wrecked, and above 200 poor soldiers and sailors were plunged in the raging waves, very few of whom escaped.

The Emperor instantly ordered the boats out to the rescue of the perishing crews. He was told, "No boat could live in such a sea." He then ordered a company of his grenadiers to man the boats, and as he sprang the first into a large boat, exclaimed, "Follow me, my brave fellows." They had scarcely entered the boat, before a huge wave dashed over the Emperor, as he stood erect, near the helmsman. "Onward! onward!" he cried; his voice swelling above the tempest's roar. But the daring effort was vain; progress in such a sea was impossible. "Push on! push on!" cried Napoleon; "do you not hear those cries? Oh! this sea! this sea!" he exclaimed, clenching his hands; "it rebels against our power, but it may be conquered!" At this moment a mighty billow struck the boat with

tremendous force, and drove it back, quivering, to the shore. It seemed as though this were the ocean's answer; or rather the answer of the God of the ocean, to the proud monarch's boast! * The sea may be conquered, but not by human power. None but Jesus ever conquered the boisterous sea. What a vast disparity there is between the power and majesty of Napoleon and the power and majesty of Jesus, in the thunder of the storm!

Napoleon was cast ashore by the spurning billows of the stormy sea, like a drifting fragment of dripping seaweed; but when Jesus "rebuked the wind, and the raging of the water, they ceased, and there was a calm!"

"Britannia rules the waves!" and "Britannia's trident on the azure sea, are some of the grandest expressions of our country's power and dominion; but in a far higher, grander sense, Christ is the Ruler of the waves—the supreme Sovereign of the ocean.

"The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee, and were afraid: the depths also were troubled. The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven. Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in great waters, and thy footsteps are not known." "O Lord God of Hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee! Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them."

The poor devotee of Romish superstition is taught to invoke the aid of the Virgin, or of some tutelary saint, when exposed to the fury of the winds and waves.

* M. de St. Hilaire.

In a celebrated Portuguese Hymn to the Virgin, the following lines occur—

“Be thou our refuge, port, and helm,
When storms arise, and waves o’erwhelm.”

If such worship of the Virgin Mary is not idolatory, what is it? Did the worshipper of Diana ever render to his famed goddess religious homage more gross than this? We trow not.

Sometimes, in the hour of danger, other potent saints are earnestly invoked for aid which God only can afford. In March, 1856, the “*St. Candalaria*,” a Peruvian vessel, from a port in South America, when nearing Valparaiso, encountered a tempestuous “*Norther*”—(north wind)—and drifted and tacked about in its fury many days. She was seventy-one days on a voyage which should have been accomplished in about thirty days. She had on board a crew of fifteen hands, and two passengers, Peruvians. While tossing amid the billows, off the coast of Chili, the provisions fell short—there being little more than two cups of water and a little rice to dole out daily. During the gale, one of the passengers, a youth in his teens, a relative of the Bishop of Truxillo, became very devout. He often invoked his tutelary saint—“*St. Antonio! St. Antonio! Caro bono vinto, &c.*”—Send us a good wind. But his supplicating voice was unheeded in the roaring of the storm. There was no voice, nor any that answered. The patron saint was either “talking, pursuing, on a journey, or peradventure he was asleep, and must be awaked.”

This devout Romanist then became petulant and impatient in his devotions, and threatened that if *St. Antonio* did not soon send a fair wind, he would

“thump his head!” At length a fair breeze sprang up, and the weather-beaten vessel safely reached her port; and, of course, Raphael de Lama attributed the favouring gale to the interposition of St. Antonio, in answer to his prayers. This fact we received from a friend who was on board the “St. Candalaria.”

Such is the faith of the Church of Rome, in the time of need, “afar off, on the sea,” when waves tempestuous roll—faith, not in God, but in the Virgin Mary, in St. Antonio, and many other saints, some of whom were not the most saintly in character before their canonization.

We have read a story which may serve to illustrate this point:—

There was a Scotch nobleman once, who was a Roman Catholic. He was very rich, but lived a retired life, and left the management of his affairs very much in the hands of his steward. One of his tenants, named Donald, was a pious Protestant. He rented a farm on which his forefathers had lived for above two hundred years. The lease by which he held the farm was on the point of expiring, and the steward refused to allow Donald to renew it, intending to give it to a friend of his own. Poor Donald was greatly distressed at the thought of being turned away from his home. He tried every argument in his power to induce the steward to let him remain on the farm, but in vain. At last he resolved to make the case known to his lordship himself, feeling sure that *he* would grant his request. But when he applied at the castle door, he was sent away; the steward having given orders that he was not to be admitted.

Donald was almost in despair. Finally, however, he resolved upon a bold step. He climbed over the garden wall, and, entering a private door, made his way unobserved towards the apartments of the nobleman. As he drew near, he heard his lordship's voice engaged in prayer. He waited till he should conclude, and while doing so, distinctly heard him pleading earnestly with the Virgin Mary and St. Francis to intercede with the Father and Son in his behalf.

After the voice ceased, Donald knocked gently at the door, and was admitted. He told the simple tale of his distress. The kind-hearted nobleman was much affected by his statement; and, of course, assured him at once that his lease should be renewed, and himself and family protected from the resentment of the steward. Donald was delighted with the success of his plan. He poured forth his warmest thanks to his generous benefactor, and was about to take his departure, when a feeling of anxiety for his gracious patron took possession of his mind, and he thought he would try and speak a word to him, that by God's blessing, might do him good.

"My lord," said he, "I have been a bold man, in venturing into your presence, but you have forgiven me, and saved me and my family from ruin: I would again be a bold man, and speak a word, by your lordship's permission."

"Well, Donald, speak out," said the nobleman.

"My lord," replied Donald, "as I stood waiting at your door, I heard you praying with great earnestness to the Virgin Mary and St. Francis; you seem to be very unhappy. Now, my lord, forgive me, but I cannot help thinking that the Virgin and St. Francis will do you but little good. I should have been a ruined man, if I had trusted to your

servants. I came direct to your lordship, and you heard me. Now, if you would but leave the Virgin Mary and St. Francis (who, I am convinced, will do no more for you than your steward would for me), and just go directly to the Lord Jesus Christ himself, and pray for what you need, He will hear you, and grant you the desires of your heart; for He has said, in His Word, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' "

We are not told what the effect of Donald's appeal was, but certainly his argument was a good one; and we may hope that it led the nobleman to see the folly of applying to the servants, when he might go at once to the Master—the folly of praying to the saints, when he had the privilege of praying to Jesus, the Lord of all the saints.

In our Protestant Christianity, Jesus is "all in all"—our only trust, and hope, and plea, and refuge!

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the troubled waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past,
Then into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last."

"The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land."

Hence all nature obeyed Jesus. Tell us not of nature's immutable and unalterable laws. Did not Jesus grasp them with an omnipotent hand? Did he not make perpetual invasions upon their regularity and constancy? Did he not reverse or suspend them at pleasure? An Etòn boy remarked, with regard to the miracle at the marriage of Cana of

Galilee, "The conscious water saw her God and blushed!" Thus, every element, every law, every creature, is subject to his authority, and yields to his control. All the mighty and varied operations of sea and land, of heaven and earth, the flux and re-flux of the tides, zephyrs and stormy winds, thunders and lightnings, eclipses and meteors, volcanic fires and earthquakes, dew-drops and showers, rainbow hues, and all the draperies of the azure sky, atoms, and starry orbs, suns and systems; all, all are under the supreme sovereignty of the Son of God.

"For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible; whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him: and he is before all things, and by him all things consist."

"For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things: to whom be glory, for ever, Amen."

"Oh! blest was the voice of the First-born of heaven,
Though poor his apparel, though earthly his form;
Who said to the mourner, 'Thy sins be forgiven!'
'Be whole!' to the sick; and 'Be still!' to the storm."

Heber.

The Storm of Human Passion Allayed.

“Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”—*Romans* v, 1.

“Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest’s mood;
Oh! send thy Spirit forth with power,
O’er our dark souls to brood.
Thou that didst bow the billows pride,
Thy mandate to fulfil,—
So speak to passion’s raging tide,
Speak, and say—‘Peace, be still!’”

Mrs. Hemans.

THERE is a storm within, more terrible and uncontrollable than the fury of the elemental tempest; a storm in the dark, guilty, troubled spirit; a storm of polluted, restless, fierce, wild, surging passions: billowing with evil desire, hate, anger, fear, terror, remorse, and demoniacal thought!

“Conscience, when awakened by the terrors of the Lord, is like a raging, tempestuous sea; so it runs, so it roars; and it is not in the power of all creatures to hush or quiet it.” *

“Tis like the raging sea, that casts up mire,
Or like to Etna, breathing smoke and fire.”

The words of the Psalmist express the fearful experience of many, “So persecute them with thy

* J. Flavel.

tempest, and make them afraid with thy storm." "Terrors," says Job, of a wicked man, "take hold on him as waters; a tempest stealeth him away in the night." "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." "Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame."

Thus the wicked, under the influence of evil, unrestrained passions, are driven to and fro, like a shattered, leaky, foundering vessel; the sport of winds, and the prey of waves; plunging in an unknown sea, amidst sunken reefs and dangerous shallows; without compass, chart, anchor, or pilot.

And where is the power that can stay the headlong fury of human passion; restrain its wild outbreaks; and hush its stormy turbulence? The gospel of Christ, and the gospel only, can effectually "make our stubborn passions bow," and give peace, "perfect peace," to the chafed, restless, troubled spirit.

Wherever the gospel fully exerts its blest influence, the brutal mind is transformed; savage ferocity tamed; the tiger-appetite of depraved nature is destroyed; the Briareus of crime subdued; evil desires are supplanted by heavenly dispositions; every malevolent feeling is crushed; the spittings of hate cease; the gory arm of murder is arrested; demon-passions, though their name be "legion," ejected; the spells of infernal agency are for ever broken; and dark-browed, prowling human beings, fit only for the panther's lair, the tiger's jungle, and the demon's cell, are converted, saved, sanctified, turned from the rage and lust, the debauchery and blood, in which they were revelling, to truth; peace, *virtue, happiness, and God!*

Thus the "glorious gospel," in every land, hushes the wild blasts of moral desolation. The red-browed Indian, the plundering Kaffir, the deeply degraded Hottentot, the warlike Mantatee, the Cannibal Batta, the sanguinary Morimo, the ferocious Feejeean, the South-Sea Island savage, are all witnesses of the gospel's power.

The distinguished converted Polynesian chieftain, Tamatoa, once remarked, that prior to the preaching of the gospel, "snappish lips and scowling eyes were born; and then jealousy began, and desperate war was waged. The polished pathway was made rugged; the conch-shell of war was blown, instead of the flute Taneua; men were slain, instead of growing wrinkled with age; the women were not beautified with the mati berry; and the heads of men were cut off, instead of those of the pigs. Thus were the light hearts of the people made sad; for misery and bloodshed reigned, and the invisible world was peopled with men from our earth." * But, under the benign and sacred influence of our holy Christianity, all the fell and fiery passions that were seething and fuming in strife, pollution, and gore, were quelled; and pacification, gentleness, forgiveness, hospitality, mercy, and charity followed, in scenes of verdure and peace, purity and joy! Hence the beautiful testimony of Makea, relative to the effects of the gospel at Rarotonga. "Now," he said, "we enjoy happiness, to which our ancestors were strangers; our ferocious wars have ceased; our houses are abodes of comfort; we have European property; books in our own language; our children can read; and above all, we know the true God, and the way of salvation by his Son Jesus Christ.

* Williams, p. 61.

I should have died a savage, had it not been for the gospel." *

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

"Antipathies are none. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string;
But all is harmony and love."

Reader! is the storm of guilty passion hushed in thy bosom? Have you found rest in Jesus? Do you feel that he is your peace? Do you enjoy peace with God, through Christ? Though you are now like "the troubled sea," you may shortly enjoy "a repose as pure and serene as the unruffled wave which reflects the heavens from its bosom."

How sweet and lovely is the calm of nature after the storm! the all-pervading stillness of the balmy air is unbroken, save by the soft music of the rippling tide, sparkling with crystal streaks of foam; the gentle drip of the oar in the wavelets; and the breath of whispering zephyrs in the over-hanging trees, that kiss the sunlit streams; above smiles undarkened the serene blue of the radiant heaven; a soft, glittering, silvery haze overspreads the

* Williams, p. 212.

distant landscape ; and placidly and pleasantly the gallant ship ploughs her way o'er the yielding unbillowed waters !

But sweeter, brighter far, is the holy calm of soul, when Jesus speaks to the tossed and troubled heart—"Peace, be still !" Not the peace of an infidel stoicism ; not the peace of philosophic composure ; not the stupid indifference of earthly ease : the calm of the Dead Sea ; the presage of the coming tempest : but the peace "the world giveth not"—"peace with God"—"the peace of God, which passeth all understanding : " ease from chiding memory—ease from biting remorse—ease from an accusing evil conscience—ease from accursed fear : sweet harmony of heart ; the repose of conviction ; the tranquillity of divine confidence ; the calm assurance of heavenly hope !

"Hear Him !" "Thy sins are forgiven. Thy faith hath saved thee ; go in peace." Cannot He, who instantly hushed the roaring storm, allay the wild tumult and perturbation of your mind. Cannot He, who saved the foundering vessel from the "brink of many a yawning wave," save your drowning soul ? He can save you now ; He can save you fully ; He can save you finally, and for ever ! "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." "He is mighty to save."

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him ; seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."—The Rev. S. Coley preached from the above passage of scripture some time ago, and among many illustrations gave the following : One day there were two ladies in the house of the Countess of Huntingdon, who asked them if they had ever heard her chaplain, George Whitfield. They said they had heard him on the previous night, and added, "We have heard

some strange things in our lives before, but of all the vagaries we ever listened to, that surely was the wildest. Among other strange, wild things, he said, 'God Almighty loved poor sinners so that He was ready to accept and save the devil's cast-offs!'" The countess said, that was certainly a strange expression, but, as he was in the house, she would send for him, and ask him to explain it. "By no means," said the ladies, alarmed at the thought of a *tete-a-tete* with Mr. Whitfield. The countess, however, sent for him, and he came, and while they blushed she told him what the ladies had said, and asked him for his explanation. He replied, "It was certainly a strange expression, but God Himself has sent the exposition. A little while ago there came a modest knock at the door; there was a poor woman who had found out I was here, and who had come to ask me if the phrase to which you have referred would include her." (She was one of those poor miserable waifs, then so common—then and now.) "She had fallen until her life had got no ray of hope in it. Her health broken, her pockets empty, her hope gone, she had determined to cast herself into the Thames. She saw the light streaming from the Tabernacle windows, and thought that before flinging herself out of the world she would hear something in it of good. She heard that strong, strange saying, that God is ready to accept and save the devil's cast-offs. Oh, she thought, that is a word for me. It seemed a beam of hope that cleaved the very darkness of her despair. And now—for suicide had been put from her thoughts—she determined to seek me out, and ask if mercy was for her." The countess was so interested in the case of this poor woman that she soon opened her way to a chaste and honest living. She became a pattern of good-

ness, and by-and-bye a chaste and honourable married woman. She lived in purity, and she died in peace. The countess told that story herself to Barry, the artist, while she was sitting for her likeness. I may just append the fact that George Whitfield's own brother sat at her table, and in a state of great depression said, "I am a lost man!" "I am very glad to hear it," said the countess. "How cruel of you to make such a remark," was the observation addressed to her. Her answer was, "The Lord Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost." That word went into his soul, he found peace with God, and, strange to say, in a very few days he had gone home to heaven. God's "uttermost" is like God's "everlasting"—full orb'd; it is "from everlasting to everlasting"—our "everlasting" is one-sided. So with God's "uttermost;" it is from the uttermost to the uttermost. These poor feeble creatures He will so save that there shall not be a brand on them, they shall be fairer than the sun; not a dimness, they shall be brighter than the stars; not a distance, they shall be nearest to the angels; a salvation complete, quite, from hell to heaven.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted," trust in the Mighty One, who calms the raging sea!

"Prince of peace, control my will,
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart."

The Ship of the Church, Outriding the Storm.

"That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."—*Hebrews vi, 12.*

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed o'er boisterous seas."

DURING the stern and relentless despotism of the "Reign of Terror," in France, St. Just very coolly remarked, "The vessel of revolution can arrive in port only on a sea reddened with waves of blood!"

In a very different sense than that of which these terribly fiendish words are expressive, the vessel of the church has had to plough her way to the port, "on a sea reddened with waves of blood"—the blood of her holy and heroic martyrs! "They overcame by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death."

Think of the "cloud of witnesses—the noble army of martyrs," who through the gore-crested surges of persecution; through dungeons and chains, and gibbets, and racks, and burning stakes, passed to the haven of heavenly rest; who "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned; they were sawn asunder; were tempted; were slain with the

sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth."

What a soul-stirring scene here opens to our view! We think of the glorious martyrs who suffered in the early ages of the church. Then the voice issuing from the throne, or breaking in thunder from the theatre, was, "the Christians to the lions!" And many, rather than prove recreant to their principles, braved the lion's paw and the cranch of the tiger's jaw. When Ignatius was being torn by the roaring lions which were let loose upon him, he exclaimed, with holy exultation, "Now I begin to be a Christian!" With reference to the noble victims that fell in those sanguinary struggles, when "the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church," Tertullian has eloquently remarked, "Those scaffolds of infamy to which you bind them, the branches with which you burn them, are the instruments of their triumph, their car of victory." Thus, Polycarp exultingly called the chains of the imprisoned, suffering saints, "the crowns of God's elect."

We think of the beatified souls "under the altar, that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held;" the dauntless and nameless witnesses, who, when the night of Popery darkened the whole of Europe, were dragged from their homes, or led forth from their dungeons, to confront the "cowl'd demons of the inquisitorial cell!"

We think of the savage crusade of St. Dominic and Pierre de Chateauneuf, against the unoffending Albigenes; the priest-consecrated steel of Simon de Montford; the terrible siege of Beziers: when, in one day, 60,000 victims perished by fire and

sword—an heretic-holocaust on the altars of the Church of Rome!

We think of the “slaughtered saints” of the Cottian Alps; the unaffected piety, and unconquerable devotedness to the “truth as it is in Jesus,” of the Vaudois, singing their cantiques as they fly from the myrmidons of persecution to the fastnesses of the Alps. Yet, here the ruffian soldiery of Cataneo pursued them with fire and sword; and here, in indiscriminate massacre, they perished—3,000 defenceless sufferers in the “righteous cause,” including the entire population of Val Louise: among these innocent victims were 400 infants, found suffocated, at the breasts of corpses. O God! thou hast heard the cry of thy suffering saints!

“How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on on the earth?”

We cannot leave unnamed the brave Huguenots of France. What a history of heroic struggles, daring exploits, and sad disasters! How deeply affecting is the outcast Cevenol’s story, in Bungener’s “Priest and the Huguenot.”—“My father,” says he, “was born in the midst of the sabres of the king’s dragoons. My grandfather died upon the wheel; his father upon the walls of La Rochelle; and we have in our family bible, by way of mark, an old piece of cloth, stained with the blood of one of our ancestors, assassinated at Nîmes, on Saint Bartholomew’s day. We spread this carefully, every evening, upon the page which we were going to read, and we said with another martyr, in whose name we are persecuted, ‘Father, forgive them!’ There was no childhood for me. Nursed in the midst of dangers and alarms, we were men at twelve: at thirty, almost old men. I have heard it said, ‘Such a one

is taken; he will be judged to-morrow; executed the day after.' And this one was, perhaps, a neighbour, or a friend of my childhood, with whom, the day before, perhaps the same day, I had conversed and prayed. One day, my young sister was seized and shut up in a convent; and not long after I learned that she died of grief. Another day, my brother was brought to me, mortally wounded. He had been surprised while returning from one of our assemblies. The soldier had fired at hazard, and the ball pierced his breast. Well, in the midst of this sea of troubles, I was calm. Peaceably seated on the unshaken rock of my belief, I heard the waves of this bloody torrent roaring around me. What matters it, I thought, if it leaves me now, I shall arrive none the less surely, sooner or later, at that goal which the martyrs, and those who deserved to be martyrs, attain." *

The Rev. W. M. Punshon has graphically described the black deeds of St. Bartholomew's Massacre in his eloquent Lecture on the Huguenots.—“Sixty thousand assassins, wielding all the weapons of the brigand and the soldier, ran about on all sides, murdering, without distinction of sex, or age, or suffering, all of the ill-fated creed; the air was laden with the tumult of swords, in which the roar of the arquebus and the crash of hatchet mingled with blaspheming taunt and dying groan. The roads were almost impassable from the corpses of men, women, and children—a new and appalling barricade—‘The earth was thick with other clay, which her own clay did cover.’ Paris became one vast Red Sea, whose blood-waves had no reflux tide. The sun of that blessed Sabbath shone with its clear,

* “The Priest and the Huguenot.”

kind light, upon thousands of dishonoured and desolate homes; and the air, which should have been hushed from sound until the psalm of devotion awoke it, carried upon its startled billows the yells of fierce blasphemers, flushed and drunk with murder, and the shrieks of parting spirits, like a host of unburied witnesses, crying from beneath the altar unto God, 'How long, O Lord, how long?'

The victims of this terrible tragedy numbered 15,000 in Paris, and 100,000 throughout the whole of France.

Think again, of the devoted Covenanters, in Scotland, who, like Cameron and Pedan, dared to worship God in freedom, in their moory hills and wild highland glens. Everywhere the gory plume of the remorseless Claverhouse waved. The glens and mountains, which before had been vocal with the shepherd's lute, the bleat of flocks, and the lowing of herds, now rung alternately with the voice of prayer and praise, the shouts of the persecutor, the rattle of the troopers' carabines, and the shrieks of battle.

"With eyes raised to Heaven, in meek resignation,
They sang their last song to the God of salvation.
The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing;
The curlew and plover in concert were singing,
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
While the hosts of the ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.
Though in mist, and in darkness and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded,
Their dark eyes shot lightning, as proud and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the lightning is rending.
The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming;
The heavens were dark, and the thunder was rolling,
While in Wellwood's dark moorlands the mighty were falling."

Hislop.

Sometimes the martyr's blood crimsoned the running brooks, and reddened the threshold of his own home! Thus, David Steel was shot down before his own door, after a promise of quarter. His youthful and pious wife, who was most fondly attached to him, with her own tender hand bound up his shattered, bleeding head with a napkin, and closed down his eyes; and as she hung over his precious remains, gazing through her tears on the manly countenance that should never smile on her again, she said, with a sweet and heavenly composure, "The archers have shot sore at thee, my husband, but they could not reach thy soul: it has escaped, like a dove, far away, and is at rest!"

And think of the mighty dead; the glorious martyrs of our own land; the scorned, the defamed, the insulted, the suffering "for righteousness sake," who braved the stern front of tyranny; and who, amid the flames of Smithfield, were heard pouring forth hymns of joy, and crying, "None but Christ! none but Christ!"

"They lived unknown
Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven."—*Cowper*.

Thus the ship of the church has often had to plough her perilous way through the midnight storm over waves of blood and fire: her masts have been shattered, and her sails rent in the fury of the blast.

But she has never foundered—her helm has never been unshipped—she has never been on her beam-ends—she has never sprung a leak—she has never been on a lee shore! On, on! o'er the foam of the

billows she has majestically held her heavenward course—her spotless pennon has floated proudly at the mast-head, in the “battle and the breeze,” for nearly six thousand years; the hand of her Heavenly Pilot is Omnipotent, and even the winds and seas obey him: and while the cross is on board she cannot sink!

Zwingle, the Swiss reformer, said, “If I did not see that the Lord kept watch over the ship, I should long since have abandoned the helm; but I see him, through the storm, strengthening the tackling, handing the yards, spreading the sails; nay more, commanding the very winds!”

Tyndale, the venerable British reformer, when the Church was exposed to the fury of the gathering storm, said, “Let us only take on board the anchor of faith, after having dipped it in the blood of Christ, and when the storm bursts upon us, let us boldly cast the anchor into the sea; then you may be sure the ship will remain safe on the great waters.”

Hence, whatever perils may yet betide the vessel of the church—though, ever and anon, we hear the rustling of the blackening wings of the coming tempest, and see a darker curl rising on the distant waters—though the midnight billow rolls midmast high, and around we hear the snap of shattered masts, and the gurgling shriek of the perishing, while around us drift the fragments of the wreck of many a false mere human system, shivered by the blast and surge of heaven: “Thy tacklings are loosed; they could not well strengthen their masts; they could not spread the sail: then is the prey of a great spoil divided:” amid all the wreck and desolation of the impending storms of the future, the ship of which Christ is the Pilot shall survive unscathed, and safely and triumphantly furl her mighty sail;

and drop her sheet-anchor in yon unruffled crystal sea before the Throne !

“ Where all the ship’s company meet,
That sailed with the Saviour below.”

The sainted and eloquent Augustine, of Hippo, remarks : “ Because the billows assail, the ship is tossed ; but because Christ prays, it cannot sink. Look on that ship, brethren, as the Church ; the troubled ocean as this world. When a man of impious intentions and high authority proclaims persecution against the church, and as far as is in his power endeavours to extinguish the Christian name, a towering wave rises against the ship of Christ. But let the yard-arm be raised, that, suspended to the mast, it may be a figure of the cross. At this let the Christian look, and not fail, because, as the apostle Peter says, ‘ Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps.’ Also the blessed John says : ‘ For as Christ laid down his life for us, so should we also lay down our lives for the brethren.’ To this yard-arm—that is, to the cross of Christ—let a guileless conversation and a pure confession be bound like white sails ; and let these sails of ours be washed in the waves, and let the cordage be strained, that they may be found at last without spot or wrinkle. Let the sea rage ever so fiercely, let the wind bear down between billow and billow—that ship may be tossed, but cannot sink. It speeds on its way.”

“ Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o’er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine,
Think that Jesus died to save thee—
Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

Haste thee on, from grace to glory—
Arm'd by Faith, and wing'd by Prayer
Heaven's eternal day's before thee—
God's own hand shall guide thee there!
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and Prayer to praise!"

The Storm of War Stilled.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."—*St. Luke*, ii, 14.

"God of the winds! can'st thou not rule the heart,
And gather back its passions when thou wilt,
Bidding them—'Peace, be still!'
God of the waves!—Thou who call'st them back
From their rough challenge to the muffled sky,
And bidd'st them harmless lave an infant's feet
That seeketh silver shells,—can'st Thou not curb
The tumult of the nations—the hot wrath
Of warring kings, who, like the babe, must die;
Vaunting this day in armour, and the next,
Unshrouded, slumbering on the battle field."

Mrs. Sigourney.

It has been well and eloquently remarked, that "the noblest heroism is the heroism of the Missionary;" and that "the light of heaven is reflected from the vessel conveying a herald of salvation to some heathen shore, with a lustre which leaves a warlike navy involved in midnight darkness."

While we are powerfully struck with the consummate and cyclopean military genius of Napoleon I.; while we fully appreciate the spotless virtue and serene fortitude of the immortal Washington; and while we render all honour to our own brave Nelson, whose conquering arm cast its thunderbolts on every hostile shore; and to the gallant Wellington, whose resistless prowess stayed the deluge of imperial power; yet, we yield the palm of superior greatness

of character—"glory that excelleth"—to the champions of "the faith"—"men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." Far better for the highest interests of humanity and the sublimest purposes of God's moral government, to be a Williams in the South Sea Islands, than a Napoleon in the palace of the Czars, in Moscow—a Moffat in an African wilderness, than a Wellington at Waterloo—or a Ward in a New Zealand pah, than a Nelson at the Nile! It was the vain boast of the ferocious General of the Goths, Atilla, that "the grass never grew where his horse trod." He was like "a wild wolf broken from his lair"—carnage, plunder, desolation, and death marked his track!

"Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood."

Who can accurately calculate the numbers that have perished in war? Dr. Dick says, "It will not, perhaps, be overrating the destruction of human life, if we affirm that one-tenth of the human race has been destroyed by the ravages of war. And if this estimate be admitted, it will follow that more than fourteen thousand millions of human beings have been slaughtered in war since the beginning of the world, which is about eighteen times the number of inhabitants which at present exist on the globe; or, in other words, it is equivalent to the destruction of the inhabitants of eighteen worlds of the same population. This calculation proceeds on the ground that one hundred and forty-five thousand millions of men have existed since the Mosaic creation. What a horrible and tremendous consideration! to reflect, that fourteen thousand millions of beings, endowed with intellectual faculties, and furnished *with bodies* curiously organised by divine wisdom,

should have been massacred, mangled, and cut to pieces by those who were partakers of the same common nature, as if they had been created merely for the work of destruction." *

A friend of mine, who was engaged in three battles during the Sikh campaign, says, of the battle-field of Moodkee, which he visited twelve months after the conflict: "January 13th, 1847, Marched into Moodkee. Shortly after my arrival I walked over the gory field where hundreds of my former comrades were lying asleep in the iron arms of death, who fell in the thunder of the fight. Many of the dead were thrown into large pits. I was informed that one contained forty bodies; others were buried in smaller graves. In several places heaps of ashes were collected, where the Hindoos had burned their dead. Here I trod a graveyard where some five or six thousand men lie in the dreamless sleep of death, "till the trumpet shall sound"—men, who in the bloom and vigour of life were cut down and hurried into eternity. How few of them prepared! Twelve months from the battle-hour of Moodkee, I am spared to walk over the gore-drenched field where they fell. I thought of the time when I saw the ground strewn with the dying and the dead—some suddenly dropping from my side: some fell with imprecations on their lips—others, when in the act of plundering the dead—and others amid anticipations of military glory!"

Napoleon was once overheard muttering to himself, after a disastrous battle, "War is a trade fit only for barbarians!"

"Scatter thou the people that delight in war," was the prayer of the royal psalmist.—*Ps.* lxxviii, 30.

* Dick's "Philosophy of Religion," p. 274.

No language, however strong, can adequately portray the wretchedness, the wailings, the woe, and terrible desolation, which war entails on the helpless and innocent, the happy, the virtuous, the free, and the brave.

War should, indeed, ever be the *dernier* resort of civilized, Christian nations. Every practicable pacific effort should be put forth to avert it. All that cabinet councils—all that imperial protocols—all that diplomacy—all that negotiation can accomplish, should be adopted and exhausted, before the ponderous gates of the temple of Janus are flung open, and the sword withdrawn from its scabbard.

It is undeniable that war is sometimes inevitable. It is manifest that circumstances of vast importance transpire in the history of the most civilized and Christian nations—circumstances, affecting not merely the security of their thrones, but their very life; endangering alike constitutional government, freedom, religion, country! Then, to conserve and protect these most precious of all earthly interests, the terrible arbitrament of war is necessary and just.

“There is a cause, a holy cause, that needs
The brave man's aid.”

Then let “the brave and the free” gird for the battle. Then, as we accept the gauntlet, we appeal to the God of battles with firm confidence—“May God defend the right!” Then raise high the holy battle-cry—“The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!” Then, “He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one.” The wolf must be driven from the peaceful fold. The remorseless brigand must be bravely grappled. The homicide's gory *arm must be arrested*. The turtle-dove of peace

must be rescued from the vulture's talons. Was not America's war for independence just? Was not Poland's struggle for life just? Was not Hungary's struggle for freedom just? We honour from our hearts the names of Tell, Hampden, Washington, Kossuth, Omar Pasha, and Garibaldi. We have an unshaken faith in the triumph of right over might—faith in the progress of humanity—faith in the perfect amelioration of the moral condition of the world—faith in the final pacification of the nations.

Christ is the way to peace, to truth, and to life. Christ is the Heavenly Pilot that can grasp the helm and safely weather the storm. Amid the conflicting opinions and creeds of men, we happily and immovably repose our faith on the truth of "the glorious gospel" of Christ: "Thy word is truth." Amid the mighty convulsions and revolutions that ever and anon "shake all nations," we trust in Him who is "mighty to save"—Bozrah's Conqueror—the King of kings, and Lord of Lords—for the triumph of right, and truth, and virtue.

"Some dream that they can silence when they will
The storm of passion, and say, 'Peace, be still!'
But 'thus far, and no farther,' when addressed
To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,
Implies authority that never can,
That never ought to be the lot of man."

"The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea. Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain."

"And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, all power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."
—*Matthew xxviii*, 18.

With Jesus in the ship, all our highest interests for "both worlds" are perfectly safe. With Jesus at the helm, the church, the true church, cannot be endangered, though nations may be shaken, thrones fall, crowns fade, mighty dynasties perish, and empires suffer shipwreck. Amid the dark plottings of throned despots, the rage of confederated persecutors, the heavings and stormings of national commotion, and the wild thunder-blasts of revolutionary fury—the security of the church of Christ is inviolate, and her final triumph and glory certain. Thus, Irving, in an eloquent passage, which we cannot forbear quoting, remarks, "As the pilot of a ship, who coasts along a lee-shore in a perilous gale of wind, after weathering one point of land and another, hath still his eye upon the outmost cape of the rocky bay from which he would fain deliver his ship by skilful navigation; which heading land lowers before her through the mist, frowning upon the lives of all his people, and is ever present to his thoughts; so hath the Pilot of the Christian Church, her Pilot through the perilous voyage of near two thousand years, his eye continually upon the last danger which she hath to pass, after which she is to sail prosperously with the gale, stoutly setting every sail to catch its welcome strength, to carry her to the haven of rest and rich reward." *

Hence the sublime and "sure word of prophecy," "And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their

* Rev. E. Irving, "On the Prophecies of Daniel, and the *Apocalypse*." Vol. II., p. 101.

swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid; for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it."

The Roman poets employed similar imagery to describe a well established peace: "Sweet peace has transformed me: I was once the property of a soldier, and am now the property of a husband-man." *

What a blessed transformation! What a happy world, when such peaceful transformations shall become general and common! Well, the gospel of Jesus Christ is peace. Its pacific mission cannot fail. The ultimate triumph of Christianity will be peace—universal peace.

"And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever. And my people shall dwell in a peaceful habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places."

Then the gory footsteps of carnage and devastation shall be arrested—the earth shall be cleansed from its lagoons of blood—"the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war," and "the battle's thunder" shall be heard no more. Then, the wild wail of suffering humanity shall be hushed, and a thousand lovely budding charities shall "blossom as the rose." Then, the horrors of war shall no more appal us, but shall for aye pass away from our emerald earth. Then, we shall have a common happy brotherhood of all nations and tribes. Then, the rusty rifle, the

* Martial xiv., 34. *Fals ex ense.*

broken sword-blade, the spiked gun, the shattered cuirass, the shivered lance, the rent helmet-plume, and the furled trophied-banner, shall be borne in peaceful triumph to the radiant cross-shrine of the immortal "Prince of Peace!"

"There's a good time coming, a good time coming!
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity,
In the good time coming!
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger,
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake—
Wait a little longer!"

The Haven of the Future.

“He bringeth them unto their desired haven.”—*Psalm*.

“Encountered thus with enemies, without ;
Within, like bark that meets opposing winds
And floods—this way, now that, she steers athwart,
Tossed by the wave, and driven by the storm ;
But still the pilot, ancient at the helm,
The harbour keeps in eye ; and after much
Of danger past, and many a prayer rude,
He runs her safely in.”—*Pollok*.

THE Church of Christ, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, is still in a struggling condition—struggling like a bestormed ship against wind and tide—hampered and tossed—the billow, the rock, the shoal, the quicksand, and the whirlpool menace her destruction. Nevertheless, she remains uninjured, and her final triumph and glory are certain. We suffer no alarms or misgivings with regard to her future course and ultimate harbourage. On the wave of the darkest and stormiest sea of tribulation she is as safe as in the tranquil moorings of the smooth and sunny tide of her triumphant rest. She still “braves the bursting storm,” riding securely above the water-floods, her banners streaming like the thunder-cloud against the wind, proudly flaunting against the crash and thunder of the stormy elements.

"She bounds o'er the surges with gallant disdain,
She has stemmed them before, and she'll stem them again."

We heed not the panic cry that "the church is in danger."

The Rev. J. Parsons well remarks: "False systems, which usurped the station and the name, may be in danger; but the true church never. Is the energy of the Holy Spirit in danger? Is the mediatorial exaltation of the Lord Jesus Christ in danger? It was the vain panegyric of the eulogist of Rome, 'While Rome stands, the world shall stand; and when Rome falls, the world shall fall.' But Zion shall never fall—changeless amid the world's mutation, and indestructible amid its ruin."

A glorious and triumphant future awaits the Church of Christ. That future is the pole-star of our hopes. From the distress, peril, and strife of the troubled present—from all earth's scenes of darkness, violence, criminality and wretchedness, on which ever and anon gleams of gospel glory are breaking, we look forward, full of hope, to "the good time coming." Amid the shakings of the nations, the church, invulnerable in every shock, shall "put on her strength," and gloriously accomplish her sublime and immortal destiny.

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones. In righteousness shalt thou be established; thou shalt be far from oppression, for thou shalt not fear; and from terror, for it shall not come near thee. We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a

light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts."

We ground our anticipations upon the "sure word of prophecy." So we hail from afar "the glory that should follow;" though it break through a stormy sky, and shed its first beams upon a sea of peril. We wait till the "storm of the terrible one" passeth over; cheered with the opal dawn of the latter-day glory, looking out like a bow in the clouds, over the wreck and ruin of the deluge. The sacred charities and agencies of our holy Christianity will never be fully developed—her loudest and most enduring triumph will never be celebrated and chronicled, until our blighted planet is cleansed from error's serpent trail and the battle-field's lagoons of blood—freed from its iron despotisms and clanking slave-chains—saved from its foul idolatries and leprous crimes; until wickedness, misrule, and misery cease, and the dominion of Christ is universal.

Then, indeed,—

"Far as the hardy seaman ploughs the main,
Far as the merchant toils for golden gain;
From torpid Greenland's magazines of snow,
To central isles, where skies for ever glow;
A stream, a crystal stream, of life shall glide,
Free as day's light, and full as ocean's tide;
Love, light, and truth shall dance around the ball,
And Christ shall be the one desire of all."

Mere human systems of religion have no future; they live only in the recollections of the past, or in the vain boastings and bootless strugglings of the present. The colossus of Asiatic idolatry is bowing its head in decrepitude—and by the iconoclastic power of truth, the three hundred and thirty millions of idols of India shall be dashed from their shrines, like Dagon before the ark of Israel's God.

"And the idols he shall utterly abolish;" or, as in the marginal reading, "shall utterly pass away." The maddening idol-train shall give place to Zion's solemn assemblies. The sensual Yattras shall be superseded by the ordinances of our holy Christianity. The Fakir and the Sanyassee shall become saints of the living God. The sacred fires of the Parsees shall be extinguished. The Gentoos shall cease to worship the cow. Lamaism shall become defunct. In fine, Paganism shall be crushed by the fall of its shrines and temples. And the crescent of the Mecca prophet shall wane—the Koran pass into desuetude. And what of Rome? The thunders of the Vatican are powerless—the triple crown rests on the brows of an imbecile pontiff. The pilot pope of the church of Rome holds with a trembling hand the helm of his leaky drifting vessel, to clear the Scylla and the Charybdis which threaten her destruction.

Infidelity, once armipotent, vainly struggles to rally her shattered forces, to arrest the march of Truth's invincible battalion. The infidels of the present age are very pigmies compared to the Titanic intellects who have preceded them in their impious strife.

"The infidel has shot his bolts away,
Till his exhausted quiver yielding none,
He gleans the blunted shafts that have recoiled,
And aims them at the shield of truth again."

The Church of Christ has safely survived the blasts of centuries, and now advances, all vigorous and aggressive, grappling error and sin, tyranny and power, triumphing over all opposition. Like a gallant vessel with all her canvass spread to the favouring gale, she is rapidly making headway to the tranquil haven of the millennium. We feel

assured that bright hours of glorious change, and golden visions of beauty and bliss are on the wing—the grand epoch of humanity's ransom, and moral transformation: when philosophy shall be sanctified, and find perfection; when revenge shall drop his dagger, and kiss the hand of mercy; when anger shall "clear his cloudy brow," and sit with peace; when "lust shall wash his miry hands, and, wedded, lean on chaste desire;" when falsehood shall lay aside "his many-folded cloak, and bow to truth;" when hatred shall be lost in love; when slave, shall be "a word in ancient books met only!" Then the nameless and enormous wrongs of poor bleeding Africa shall be fully redressed. "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God." The hand of Him who is "mighty to save," shall wipe away the long streaming blood-drop from Africa's sable breast. The spoiled and hapless sons and daughters of Ham shall be upraised from the ashes of their degradation and misery, and freedom shall be chartered on their dark but noble brows. The bannered cross shall be unfurled in the Niger's secret haunts; and over every desert and mountain, in every kraal and glen, the songs of Zion shall resound from Kaffraria to the Lybian wilds.

To some, such bright anticipations may seem pitiful sentimentality; dreamy, visionary, chimerical illusion. What—shall we foreclose "the sure word of prophecy," the faithful book of God? "It is written!" "For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

"'Tis coming up the steep of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter!
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.

We may be sleeping in the ground,
 When it awakes the world in wonder;
 But we have felt it gathering round,
 And heard its voice of living thunder.
 'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time,
 Foretold by Seers, and sung in story;
 For which, when thinking was a crime,
 Souls leapt to heaven from scaffold's gory!
 They passed, nor see the work they wrought,
 Now the crown'd hopes of centuries blossom!
 But the live lightning of their thought,
 And daring deeds, doth pulse Earth's bosom.
 'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, Empires, Systems, rot with age,
 But the great People's ever youthful!
 And it shall write the Future's page,
 To our humanity more truthful!
 The gnarliest heart hath tender chords,
 To waken at the name of 'Brother';
 And time comes when brain-scorpian words
 We shall not speak to sting each other.
 'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Out of the light, ye Priests, nor fling
 Your dark, cold shadows on us longer!
 Aside! thou world-wide curse, call'd King!
 The People's step is quicker, stronger.
 There's a Divinity within
 That makes men great, whene'er they will it.
 God works with all who dare to win,
 And the time comes that shall reveal it.
 'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Freedom! the tyrant's kill thy braves,
 Yet in our memories live the sleepers;
 And, tho' doom'd millions feed the graves,
 Dug by Death's fierce, red-handed reapers,
 The world shall not for ever bow
 To things which mock God's own endeavour;
 'Tis nearer than they wot of now,
 When flowers shall wreath the sword for ever.
 'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternity! Love's other name!
Dear, heaven-connecting link of Being!
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls, full-statured, grow far-seeing.
Thou shalt unfold our better part,
And in our Life-cup yield more honey;
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,
And love's own world with smiles more sunny.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Ay, it must come! The Tyrant's throne
Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted;
The Sword earth's mighty have leant on
Is canker'd, with our heart's blood crusted.
Room! for the men of Mind make way!
Ye robber Rulers, pause no longer;
Ye cannot stay the opening day:
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger,
The People's Advent's coming!"

Gerald Massey.

The Voyage of Life.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—*Hebrews xi.*, 16.

"The Word of God, the chart by which we steer ;
Conscience, the watch on deck where danger's near ;
The rock traced clearly on the chart is sin ;
Hope is the anchor, cast the vail within ;
Reason the rudder, Faith the magnet true ;
And Heaven, the harbour to be kept in view.
Our days to number, is the log to heave ;
Our age, the rate of vessel through the wave."

HUMAN life is compared to a race, "So run, that ye may obtain ;"—a battle, "fight the good fight of faith ;"—a journey—a pilgrimage, "for here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come ;" it may also be likened to a voyage over the stormy ocean. With such a view of life, St. Paul says of our heavenly hope, "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail." And of apostates, he remarks, "Holding faith and a good conscience ; which some having put away, concerning faith have made shipwreck." What wisdom, skill, fortitude, and ceaseless care, are necessary to conduct a gallant ship in safety over the mighty ocean to a distant port ! "What would you say of a man about to navigate some unknown sea, were he to proceed without furnishing himself with every *thing necessary* for his enterprise ? Suppose a

storm should arise; 'tis true he has a helm, but he is without a compass: he is steering somewhere, but whither he knows not: every wave may dash him on a rock, or engulf him in a whirlpool." Then, shall we allow our heaven-freighted bark to drift at random, "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine?" We cannot steer our course in safety to the "desired haven" without "the wisdom that cometh from above." If we push out to sea without Christ—if reason is to furnish the compass—if passion holds the helm, we shall drift to certain destruction, and foundering in everlasting ruin.

A talented author remarks: "Our frail nature, while deprived of revelation, is like a naked bark floating on the dangerous deep, idly, and without an aim, because destitute of that high and regulated impulse by which it might gain a port. Let revelation be supplied, and what before was nearly motionless, or urged at random by some pitiful expedients, devised by ignorance itself, makes way through life's rough sea, like a vessel fully furnished with strong and skilfully constructed masts and rigging, for some voyage of great importance. Let the Deist despise the equipment, and drift away without either rudder, or compass, or sails, or oars." *

Apart from the principles of the Holy Bible, we are in circumstances of alarming hopelessness, wretchedness, and peril; we are at sea without a beacon or a buoy—a cable or an anchor—a pilot or port! Without the Word of God we are in utter ignorance of our spiritual latitude and longitude—

* David M'Nicoll. "An Argument to prove the truth of the Bible."

drifting helplessly along over dangerous deeps, without any moral reckonings or bearings. What do we know of our true character, salvation, and final destiny, without the revelations of the Gospel of Christ?

"The wise men are ashamed, they are dismayed and taken: lo, they have rejected the Word of the Lord; and what wisdom is in them?" What befooled and brutified men! They reject the pure and unerring "Word of life:"—and what do they give us instead? What? The miserable and contradictory jumble and jargon of a tadpole philosophy! And shall we abandon the glorious light of the only guiding star of the heavens, for the dismal glimmer of the lantern of sceptical philosophy? "Likewise, as in the starry firmament, there is but one blessed light which hath in it any steady guidance to the lost wanderer or the sea-faring voyager, so amongst those various lights in the firmament of mind, there is but one solitary light of religion which hath in it any consolation or direction to guide the soul of man as it fareth through the perilous gulf of death onward to eternity."

"Pole-star on life's tempestuous deep!
Beacon! when doubts surround;
Compass! by which our course we keep;
Our deep-sea-lead to sound!"

The sentimental musings of Pythagoras in the quiet groves of Crotona, we may safely despise; the speculations of Plato on the sacred promontory of Sunium, we may without temerity utterly disregard; the Sibyl's mystic leaves, we may fearlessly give to the winds. But, "what shall the end be of them *that obey not the gospel of God?*"

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" The Bible is not the conjuration of priests to cheat the world—the hope of immortality is not the dream of fond enthusiasts, but the revelation of the righteous God, the inspired "Word of the Lord." "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart. The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever. The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

"Can they who would have us let slip this cable of truth, furnish us with another on which we may ride out the storms of life, and the last great storm of all?"

Without this only infallible rule of faith and conduct, what numbers founder and miserably perish! Many are dashed on the reef-rocks of error,—Atheism, Deism, Pantheism, Romanism, Puseyism, Pelagianism, Arianism, Antinomianism, and Mormonism. Many perish on the Demas-shoal of worldly-mindedness. Instance a case.—Some years ago, there was a man living in a certain town in France, whose worldly-mindedness had become so strong as to make him a miser of the worst kind. By oppressing the poor, and taking advantage of them in every possible way, he had become exceedingly rich.

One day, the king wanted to borrow some money of him, but thinking that the interest offered for it was not enough, and fearing that, perhaps, he might never get it back again, he pretended that he had not got as much as the king wanted. He said he had met with heavy losses, which had left him quite

poor. Then he was afraid that his neighbours, who, he knew, all disliked him very much, might report to the government how rich he was; and that, perhaps, somebody would be sent to search his house, and so he might lose some of his much-loved gold. He resolved, therefore, to hide his treasures, so that if a search was made for them, they could not be found out. For this purpose he had a large cave dug in the cellar of his house. This was walled up, and arched over, with a door in the top of it, from which he could go down by a ladder. The door was furnished with a spring lock, which, on being shut, would fasten of itself. Here he stowed all his bags of gold and silver, with the feeling that now his treasures were perfectly secure.

After a while, the miser suddenly disappeared. Inquiries were made for him; the house was searched; the woods were explored; the ponds were dragged; but no trace of him could be found. The people supposed that he had taken his money and gone to live in some distant place where he was not known. Some time after, the house in which he had lived was sold. The new owner made some alterations and repairs. While the workmen were engaged in these, they found the trap door to the miser's cave. They broke it open. They got a light and went down. The first thing that met their eyes, at the foot of the ladder, was the ghastly skeleton of the wretched miser, while all around him lay heavy bags of gold, and great chests of untold treasure. He had gone down to look at his treasures—to worship his golden god—and the door had shut upon him, and fastened him in. No human being could hear the wildest shout he might have raised. There he was left to die a miserable, lingering death, *in the midst of the gold he so much coveted.* There

was gold in bags, gold in chests, gold piled in heaps, gold for a pillow, and gold strewed under him, to lie upon; but in the midst of it all, he was starved to death!

Many plunge headlong into the rapids and maelstrom of intemperance. And many suffer wreck in the blasts of adversity, "having no hope, and without God in the world." "Some steer away for Heaven, some for Hell."

Dear reader, "Make haste and come to Jesus, for you will never find a more favourable opportunity than the present. Wait ten thousand years, and your sins will not be fewer; God's mercy will not be greater. The fool who, wishing to cross a river, lay down on its bank till the water would run past, is only a faint emblem of you, if you delay. 'Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.' To-morrow is a delusion, a dream, a snare. That clock says 'now;' this pulse says 'now;' this heart says 'now.' The glorified in heaven, and the lost in hell—the one by their songs, the other by their wails, together cry, 'Make haste.' 'Behold, now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.' Oh! by ten thousand arguments, by motives many as the stars of heaven, strong enough to stir the stones of rocky Arabia, or thaw the very ice of Greenland, we beg of you to make haste now. We offer you a full and free salvation now; and, what is better, Christ does so too.

Make haste, for your salvation may soon become extremely difficult. You have some sense of religion; and there is not one but intends, some time or other, to return to God. When? Now is the best time. Look abroad in the world, and you will find that all men are just about to repent; no matter how loose in their principles, no matter how

profligate in their lives, they are all about to repent; they all intend to go to heaven at last. The sinner of to-day is to be a saint to-morrow. Well, then, seeing that this is so, why is it that such multitudes live and die, and are lost for ever? Why, because they are just about to repent. Procrastination! it is the thief of time, the kidnapper of souls, and the recruiting sergeant of hell. Satan does not care for your going to chapel, if you will only carry your worldly affairs along with you, and think about them instead of your soul; or if you be like the woman in the parish church, who always fell sound asleep! What Satan trembles at is when he sees a sinner begin to be in earnest, and to find that salvation is a personal matter, and that he is in danger. Delay not! for the wood of your coffin may be cut, and seasoned, and dry, and your winding-sheet may be on the loom. Delay not! for a man going on in sin is like a man going down a hill: every step that he takes the descent is easier, the ascent more difficult. Sin is like a fire; it may soon be quenched if the cold-water engines are brought to play upon it in time; but let it burn on a few hours, and perhaps, like some great fire in London, it will laugh at, and triumph over, the mightiest efforts of the great captain of the fire brigade. Sin is like a river; the further from the fountain-head the greater the volume, the more rapid and irresistible the current. Sin is like a tree: look at your sapling, an infant's arm may bend it; let a few years pass away, a few summers shine upon it, and a few winters blow upon it, and that tree will hurl defiance at the loudest storm. So with the sinner: he gets accustomed to all the appeals, and becomes Gospel-proof. He gets behind the rocks of his prejudices, *and*, were it possible, would set God's Spirit at

defiance. We hear of God being as a mighty man, and as a man astonished, that cannot save. Why can he not save? He cannot save a man in unbelief. Unbelief ties up his wonder-working arm.

Make haste: your salvation may not only become extremely difficult, but altogether impossible. Man is a bundle of habits, and habit becomes second nature; and as soon may the 'Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots, as those long accustomed to do evil learn to do well.' You say to me, 'You limit the grace of God.' I do not. I know God's grace is all-sufficient. He can save even when the hammer is lifted to strike the last hour; but, oh! remember that we have only one instance of a man being saved at the eleventh hour, just that none might either despair or presume. You ask, 'How long may a man live on in sin, and yet be saved?' We reply, do not try the experiment—it is a very dangerous one. Go to those who have lived some thirty or forty years away from Christ. Ask them, if they were to begin life again, whether they would pursue the same course—if they would give the best of their days to the world; and, with tears in their eyes, they will say, 'No, we would go to Christ in our youth, and we would give him our young hearts: he is worthy of them; and we would honour the name of Jesus with our infant lips.' During an autumn flood there was a man swept away from the brink of a river: he was carried by the torrent towards the tree. He climbed up that tree: the waters were raging and boiling around him; his wife and family were on the land. Night came, and darkness began to fall. To let them know that he was still on the tree, he gave a whistle now and then. About midnight the whistle ceased; morning came, and man and tree were both away.

At that moment one who was reckoned but little better than a fool came up to that weeping family, and he said to them, in the coolest possible manner, 'I could have saved him!' Ay, and he not only said that he could have saved him, but demonstrated how he would have done it. He said, 'I would have taken a plank, and fastened a rope to it; I would have launched it where the flood carried away the man. The water that carried the man to the tree would have carried the means of safety to him, and I would have pulled him to the shore.' Thus the weeping family came to discover that had they but had the wisdom of a fool, the husband and the father had been still alive." *

Reader, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee;
Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of earth,
That rock of souls immortal; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call ev'ry wind;
Eye thy great pole-star; make the land of life."

Young.

The False Claims of the Pilot Pope.

“And be ye not called Rabbi; for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren.”—*Matthew xxiii.*, 8.

“Some say the priest can make
A deity of a bit of cake!
And if you give the baker stuff,
He'll make you deities enough.
But how can either priest or baker,
Or both together, make their Maker?”

WHAT princely genius, vast experience, masterly ability, and unfaltering energy of character, are requisite to grasp the helm of state, especially in the tempests of national commotion! Thus the renowned Pitt was emphatically described as “the pilot that weathered the storm,” having firmly held the helm of state for many tempestuous years. And when, after a short lull in the political elements, during the premiership of Addington—the ship of state was, in 1803, exposed to the storm of European contest—and the helm slipped from his feeble grasp; we again find the “pilot” at his old station. But since the days of Pitt, a Grey, a Peel, a Russell, a Palmerston, and others, have with equal ability and greater renown, safely piloted the ship in the darkness and crash of the storm. And men of equal renown and ability may arise from generation to generation, to take the mighty helm of our country's power.

But there is only one great Pilot for the church—"Jesus only." "I, even I, am the Lord; and beside me there is no Saviour. I am the Lord, your Holy One, the Creator of Israel, your King."

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved." And has not the "Captain of our salvation" promised the universal church his constant presence? "And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

But the church of Rome boldly assumes that this great promise belongs to her exclusively. That here there is a divine warranty for her infallibility. That her popes, prelates, pastors, people, conclaves, consistories, and councils, being divinely empowered, endowed, and ensured in every thing pertaining to "the faith," cannot by any means fall into error. Thus, in the *Rheimish Notes*, it is said, "And that he may assist them effectually in the execution of this commission, he promises to be with them, not for three or four hundred years only, but all days, even to the consummation of the world. How, then, could the Catholic church ever go astray; having always with her pastors, as is here promised, Christ himself, who is 'the way, the truth, and the life.'" *

Well, where, or with whom, is the much vaunted infallibility of the church of Rome vested? Is it with the pope alone? Is it with a general council? Is it with the body of the clergy and laity? Or is it with the pope and a general council conjointly? Where is it? Echo says, "Where?" Where was it in the fifteenth century, prior to the Council of Constance, when there were three rival popes battling

* See "*Romish Testament Notes*," on Matt. xxviii., 18, 19, 20.

and fulminating each other? Which of these three pontifical squabblers was the legitimate vicar of Christ—the infallible head of the church? Where was the seat or locality of infallibility, when the Council of Constance deposed the flagitious John XXIII., and appointed Martin V. in his place? Where was the infallibility of the papacy in the ninth and tenth centuries? Genebrard, a Roman Catholic writer, says of these times: "That for almost one hundred and fifty years, about fifty popes totally degenerated from the virtue of their ancestors, being more like apostates than apostles." * Was Boniface III., who was dubbed "Universal Bishop" by the blood-stained tyrant, Phocas, in 606—was he a lawful and infallible representative of Christ? Was Alexander VI., who was described as the scourge of Christendom—the opprobrium of the human race—and an incarnation of the satanic spirit itself—was he also the infallible vicegerent of the Son of God? Enough! We can just as well understand a round square as we can the infallibility of the church of Rome! It is a stupendous falsehood. It is the proud fancy of a sort of "Scamp-Jupiter!"

"Trust not thy soul upon a fancy: who would freight
a bubble with a diamond,
And launch that priceless gem on the boiling rapids of
a cataract."

"Could experience have moderated the ambition of the sovereign pontiffs, they would long before have acknowledged how striking was the wisdom and foresight of him whose place they considered they held, when he declared, 'My kingdom is not of

* Genebrard's "Sacred Chronology," B. 4, X Cent.

this world." This pontifical authority, which laid claim to infallibility, and asserted its right to dispose not only of all churches, but even of all kingdoms, could not have remained guiltless, except in the purest hands; and, in order to escape from the violence which was unceasingly called forth by its unbounded pretences, it ought to have been inviolable in reality, as it claimed to be in right." *

Some of the darkest annals of our world's history are the records of Rome's pontifical supremacy and domination. It is undeniable that the apogee of the papacy was the moral midnight of Europe; the glory of the church of Rome was the deepest disgrace and dishonour of the religion of the Cross: the most triumphant epoch of the rule of the pretended viceroy of Christ, was the complete political and spiritual vassalage of the world!

Think of Innocent III.—in Rome's heyday of the twelfth century—the atrocious inquisitor, the crusader, the ruthless homicide of the pious Albigenses. The pen of the eloquent Rev. J. A. Wylie is like a blazing torch as it runs over the execrated name of that pontifical ruffian.—“Like a crowned demon, Innocent sat upon the Seven Hills, muffled up in the mantle of Lucifer, and governed earth as Satan governs hell.”

“Neither sex, nor age, nor rank, have we spared,” says the redoubtable Coryphæus of the war against the Albigenses; “we have put all alike to the sword.” †

Hence, Gilfillan might well remark: “Popery is a system of falsehood and fraud. Its lies are so numerous and so black that they almost disdain

* “The Reformers before the Reformation.”

† Ranke's “History of the Popes.”

enumeration by detail. Popery says that the Pope is the only vicegerent of God upon earth—and therein it lies! Popery says that Peter had supremacy over his fellow apostles—and therein it lies! Popery says that the Church of Rome is the only Catholic Church, that it is a united Church, and that there is no salvation out of her pale—and therein, as with the three mouths of Cerberus, it utters three lies in a breath." *

"Away with the pretext of Peter and his transformation into a rock, to support a superstructure of delusion! Is Christ to be thus thrust aside? To Christ is the Church espoused, not to Peter. Christ is the supreme Head of the universal Church, not any of his twelve apostles." †

How graphically true, therefore, of the church of Rome is the apocalyptic vision of the scarlet-robed "woman."—"And I saw a woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus."—*Rev. xvii., 6.*

But, "Babylon the Great" is doomed to perish utterly and for ever. "Her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged." The "hand-writing" is on the walls of the Vatican—"Mene, Mene, Tekel."

"Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood which she hath spilt—
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt."—*Cowper.*

The palmy days of her Hildebrands and Cæsar Borgias, shall never more return. The Labarum of

* A Lecture by the Rev. Geo. Gilfillan, Dundee.

† "Orations," T. Gavazzi.

her triumph and glory shall be torn down from the mast-head. Her pilot pontiff holds the helm of her power with a trembling hand. Like the ominous flight of the stormy petrel before the blast, the "signs of the times" forebode the coming hurricane, in which papal Rome must inevitably founder. The active bustle of "all hands on deck," at the present juncture, does not in the least surprise us. Hear we not those first heavy gusts of wind—that hoarse murmur of the waves—which are the certain foretellers of the storm that will shortly sweep away everything before it? We wait for the great millstone-like final plunge in the gulfy deep, when, "with violence shall that great city, Babylon, be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all."

Gavazzi, with regard to the present difficulties and perplexities of the Papacy, remarks, in the columns of his "Free Word:"—"Behold how, by traditions, legends, congenial eccentricities, and cunning tales, the church of Rome went astray from the Gospel, assuming a form of her own fabrication. She is now like a boundless ocean, where every fanatic aspires to be a good steersman, when, hurled by winds and tossed by waves, he is in a perpetual foam of error. The only harbour in which to anchor, in order to enjoy the security of truth, would be that of the pure Gospel; but it is precisely the only one which the pilot of the so-called Peter's barque endeavours by all means to avoid.

May the star that guided the wise men to the cradle of Jesus so shine upon this boatman as to bring back to Christ, by his better example, the millions who, by his authority, were perverted from truth to falsehood!"

Such is the character and condition of the Papacy, *as sketched* by the converted far-famed Barnabite

monk. This is not mere oratorical declamation. It is an incontrovertible, truthful testimony. That there is truth in the church of Rome we frankly concede, but it is truth amid preponderating error—truth perverted, distorted, dishonoured, corrupted—truth held “in unrighteousness.”

While we cherish the most charitable feelings towards the deluded devotees of Popery, we regard with intense, and unmitigated abhorrence its shams, lies, forgeries blasphemies, superstitions, and idolatries. We can fully endorse the sentiments of Irving, that the Papacy is the “deepest conception and mightiest achievement of Satan, into which he hath admitted the whole canon of truth, and yet contrived that it should teach only error; into which he hath admitted the whole revelation of light, and yet contrived that it shall breed only foul and pestilent darkness.”

This is strong language—albeit the witness is true.

Such a system of error and moral wrong must perish—the storm is gathering in which the church of Rome shall ultimately founder.

The crimes of eighteen centuries, and the blood of fifty millions of martyred saints, cry to heaven for retribution.

“Brethren, ’tis the final hour !
Rise ye, in your father’s power :
For your altars and your home,
Brethren rise, the time has come !

By fair learning’s right opposed,
By the blessed Bible closed ;
By your fathers, who are gone—
Every true and steadfast one ;
By the tears of those who fled,
And the memory of the dead ;

By the fiery path they trod—
Their undaunted way to God ;
By our noble martyr band,
By our Cranmer's burning hand,
By old Wycliffe's scattered dust,
Ridley's faith, and Hooper's trust ;
By the shroud that woman wove—
Latest pledge of holiest love ;
By the blaze, and by the stake.
Brethren ! Protestants ! awake !”

The Last Tempest.

“For the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?”—*Rev. vi., 17.*

“Say, ye who tempt
The sea of life, by summer-gales impell’d,
Have ye Hope’s anchor? Sure a time will come
For storms to try you, and strong blasts to rend
Your painted sails, and shred your gold like chaff,
O’er the wild wave; and what a wreck
If judgment find you unsustained by God!”

Mrs. Sigourney.

AMID the bright gala scenes of earthly gaiety and pleasure, amid the “dancing waves” of festive delight, and “oceans of illusive bliss,” the votaries of vanity and vice steer on impetuously and gaily, and think not of “death’s cold flood,” nor of “the wrath to come.”

“O ye gay dreamers of gay dreams,
How will ye weather an eternal night,
Where such expedients fail?”

Think of the deluge storm, when after a day of serenity and brightness, and a play of golden light from an azure sky on the summer-groves of the first-born world, “the windows of heaven were opened, and the fountains of the great deep broken up,” and man and beast perished in the foaming waters.

Think of the tempest of fiery cataracts which consumed the rich masses of Sodom and Gomorrah. How soon the cerulean sky, whose streams of opal radiance glittered so brightly on the peaks of Zoar, was changed to blackness and sheets of devouring flame!

“And as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came, and destroyed them all.

Likewise, also, as it was in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all.

Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed.”

Will you not heed the divine premonition? “Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup.” “But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, be burned up.”

“See how the mountains, how the valleys burn;
The Andes burn, the Alps, the Apennines,
Taurus and Atlas; all the islands burn;
The ocean burns, and rolls his waves of flame.”

“But let not the heart of the Christian tremble. His safety is independent of all materialism. His Saviour ‘made,’ and shall survive the ‘worlds.’ *His soul*, too, bears on it the stamp of absolute

immortality. This earth may sink under his feet; but the Pilot of the Galilean Lake shall be there, and shall save the crew of the dear vessel." *

But the wicked shall irretrievably perish. No haven of peace and safety will afford its welcome shelter from the terribleness of the judgment hurricane! Harbourless and pilotless, they will inevitably founder in "tides of dark tempestuous wrath."

But ere the judgment storm hurtleth in the dissolving heavens, we must pass "death's cold flood—the swellings of Jordan." There are black and wild waves to be crossed; for it is an awful thing to die. Is yours "the bark that fails not 'mid the storm of death?" Is Christ in you the hope of glory? Are you prepared, safely to plunge into the last gulf-currents of this mortal life? Without Christ for your Pilot, how fearful will be your final struggle—when "the cordage is giving way, and the timbers are strained, and the sails are in shreds!" Without Christ, nothing can prevent the wreck of your soul—a wreck of immortal mind in "bottomless perdition," ruined, damned!

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great a salvation?"

We beg your serious attention to the following fearfully instructive sketch: "Shall you anchor off——Point, captain?" asked a passenger. "I mean to be in dock with the morning tide," was the captain's brief reply.

"I thought, perhaps, you would telegraph for a pilot," returned a passenger. "I am my own pilot, sir:" and the captain whistled contemptuously.

"He's in one of his daring humuors; and I'll bet

anything you like that he takes the narrow channel," quietly remarked a sailor, as he passed us to execute some order.

"Is it dangerous?" asked the same passenger, uneasily. "Very, in a gale; and there's one coming, or I'm no sailor," replied the man: "but if any man can do it, it's himself. Only he might boast once too often, you know."

Evening came, and the gale was becoming what the sailors called "pretty stiff," when the mate touched my arm, rousing me from a pleasant reverie, in which smiling welcomes home held prominent place.

"We are going in by the narrow channel, sir," said he; and, with this wind increasing, we may be dashed to pieces on the sand-bank. It is foolhardiness, to say the least. Cannot you passengers compel him to take the safer course?"

I felt alarmed, and hastily communicated with two or three gentlemen; and proceeding together to the captain, we respectfully urged our wishes, and promised to represent any delay caused by the alteration of his course, as a condescension to our anxious apprehensions.

But, as I anticipated, he was immoveable. "We shall be in dock to-morrow morning, gentlemen," said he. "There is no danger whatever. Go to sleep as usual, and I'll engage to awake you with a land-salute." Then he laughed at our cowardice, took offence at our presumption, and, finally, swore that he would do as he chose; that his life was as valuable as ours, and he would not be dictated to by a set of cowardly landsmen.

We retired, but not to rest; and in half an hour the mate again approached, saying, "We are in for it now; and if the gale increases we shall have work

to do that we did not expect." Night advanced, cold and cheerless. The few who were apprehensive of danger remained on deck, holding on by the ropes to keep ourselves from being washed overboard. The captain came up, equipped for night-duty; and his hoarse shout in the issue of commands was with difficulty heard in the wild confusion of the elements; but he stood calm and self-possessed, sometimes sneering at our folly, and apparently enjoying himself extremely, surrounded by flapping sails, straining timbers, and the ceaseless roar of winds and waves. And we endeavoured to take courage from his fearless demeanour. But presently there arose a cry of "Breakers ahead!" The captain flew to the wheel; the sails were struck; but the winds had the mastery now, and the captain found a will that could defy his own. "Boats make ready!" was the next hurried cry; but, as too often occurs in the moment of danger, the ropes and chains were so entangled that some delay followed the attempt to lower them, and in the meantime we were hurrying on to destruction. The passengers from below came rushing on deck in terror, amidst crashing masts and entangled rigging; and then came the thrilling shock, which gave warning that we had touched the bank: and the next was the fatal plunge that struck the foreship deep into the sand, and left us to be shattered there at the wild waves' pleasure.

It is needless to dwell upon the terrors of that fearful night. I was among the few who contrived to manage the only boat which survived; and scarcely had I landed with the morning light, surrounded by bodies of the dead and fragments of the wreck, borne up by the rising tide, ere I recognised the body of our wilful self-confident captain. He was like one of those who, on the voyage

of life, refuse counsel and despise instruction ; who practically recognize no will but their own ; who are wise in their own conceits, and satisfied with their own judgment, and trust in their own hearts ; and if left to be filled with their own ways, must make frightful shipwreck just when they suppose themselves sure of port. *

Reader, prepare forthwith for the coming storm ! When the last wild blast thunders—when darkness smites your eye-balls—when pleasure's cup can no longer reach your livid burning lips—when honour's freshest myrtle wreath is withering on your cold pale brow—when gold can no longer glitter before your failing eyes—when “the waves of fiery darkness 'gainst the rocks of dark damnation break,” and “thunders answers thunder, muttering sounds of sullen wrath :”—then, what will you do without Christ, who is the only Saviour of the perishing ?

“ Man, on the dubious waves of error tossed,
His ship half foundered, and his compass lost,
Sees far as human optics may command,
A sleeping fog, and fancies it dry land :
Spreads all his canvass, every sinew plies ;
Pants for, aims at it, enters it, and dies !
Then farewell all self-satisfying schemes,
His well-built systems, philosophic dreams ;
Deceitful views of future bliss, farewell !
He reads his sentence at the flames.”

Cowper.

* “Tract Magazine.”

The Sure Anchor.

“Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast; and which entereth into that within the veil.”—*Hebrews vi.*, 19.

“When the water-floods of grief
Round thy helpless head shall rise,
When there seemeth no relief
Lift thy gaze to yonder skies;
There behold how radiantly
Beams the star of Hope divine;
Yesterday it shone for thee,
And to-day it still shall shine.
Ask no aid the world can give,
Looking unto Jesus *live!*”

“SHIP about!” said a pilot to the helmsman of a gallant ship, which he was safely conducting through the perils of shoal, and reef-rocks, and bar, in a gathering storm; and the struggling vessel was instantly on her last tack from larboard to starboard, her wave-washed bows bearing full for the “desired haven.” And at last the stentorian voice of the pilot shouted—“Back the foretop-sail, and let go the anchor!” and the storm-beaten vessel was in safe and tranquil harbourage. How cheering is the sight of land a-head, the white cliffs, the weather-bleached rocks, the green fields, the crowded quay, and the dwellings of home, after a long and stormy voyage.

Columbus and his hardy men were overpowered with gratitude and joy when they first discovered the American shores; and when they landed, they all knelt down and kissed the ground, which they had so long desired to see.

Who then can conceive the triumph and joy of our safe arrival at yon bright celestial clime? How calm and bright the closing scene! "Lifting your last step from the wave, having passed the stream of death, you shall linger and look wonderingly back on its dark waters, now gilded with the light of immortality, and rippling peacefully on the eternal shore." Hail! blest, ambrosial, and immortal shores!

The biographer of Pollok, the poet, beautifully remarks with regard to his closing scene—"The sea was beginning to divide before him; and the bright cloud of hope shed its cheering beams on the dividing waters, lighted the opposite shore, and gilded in the distance the mountain-tops of the promised land."

F. W. N. Bayley, says of the final scene of Mrs. Sigourney—"She seemed to wear about her spirit the quietude of a lovely repose—that sort of calm which once achieved lasts for ever. I thought at the time, that she looked and spoke like one whose bark was bound for one of the placid lakes of heaven—and that her destination was on such waters, and that she would anchor it there."

Such is the closing scene of a life of virtue and faith. And such is the future destination of the vessel of which Jesus is the Pilot. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."

“With cheerful hope her eyes explore
The land mark'd on the distant shore ;
The tree of life, the crystal stream,
The golden streets, the pastures green.

The nearer still she draws to land,
More eagerly her powers expand ;
With steady helm, and well-bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail !”

“But does not hope argue a want of satisfaction ?” says one : “how, then, can it be applied to the Christian ?” In one sense it does ; but, though paradoxical, the hope of the Christian is based on the most blessed satisfaction possible. In Christ he has life, peace, joy : he knows Christ, possesses Christ, loves Christ, enjoys Christ, and in Christ he is satisfied as he was never satisfied before. But he has never seen Christ ; and this enkindles a hope within him which will never be quenched until he sees “the King in His beauty.” Believing in Christ we are brought into union and sympathy with Him and are satisfied out of His fulness : but we long to see Him, to have the salvation which He wrought out for us perfected in our experience and applied to our bodies as well as our souls ; and not only so, but all those who are partakers with us of like precious faith ; to be with Him and we with them, in our Father’s house of many mansions ; to be glorified together with Him, and reign over a ransomed and regenerated earth ; to swell the majestic chorus of the skies, in harmony with cherubim and seraphim, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the glorious company of the apostles, the noble army of martyrs, and the innumerable company of the redeemed ; to be led beside living fountains of waters and to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, is “a consummation devoutly to be desired.”

There, beyond the crested billows of this turbulent scene—far away, from the rockings, tossings, and stormings of this world—there, on the bright and beautiful shores of the “better country, an heavenly,” we hope to be moored in endless rest, blessedness, and glory. Our bark is heaven-bound. We shall ultimately cast anchor in “the sea of glass.”

“Launch thy bark, mariner !
Christian, God speed thee !
Let loose thy rudder-bands,
Good angels lead thee !
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come ;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home !

Slacken not sail yet,
At inlet or island ;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the highland ;
Crowd all thy canvass on,
Cut through the foam ;
Christian, cast anchor now,
Heaven is thy home !”

The Crystal Sea.

"And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal." "And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire; and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God."—*John xv., 2.*

"Land a-head! its fruits are waving
On the hills of fadeless green;
And the living waters laving
Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

Then let go the anchor! riding
In this calm and silvery bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding—
Shores in sunlight stretch away."

WHAT of the bright and the beautiful of earth—our sin-blighted earth, can adequately image forth the bright and the beautiful, the calm, and the holy of heaven?

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

The unalloyed, unsullied, unruffled, unending felicity of yon "sun-bright clime," is absolutely inconceivable. All the costliest drapery, all the most gorgeous jewellery, all the richest verdure, all the loveliest bloom, all the purest beauty, all the sublimest sheen of our fallen planet—all utterly wane away—poor, mean, and insignificant—before

the immortal splendours of the "terrible crystal"—the unclouded and unsetting aurora of uncreated glory, which breaks on the "sea of glass" before the throne of God.

"Eye hath not seen its blest employ,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death cannot enter there."

"No earthly pencil can fully delineate that heaven, of which this world is but the ante-chamber, the brief and shadowy outline. No tortuous snake rolls under the flowers of Paradise, nor funeral mound disturbs the surface of that field; all is holiness, all is life. God made it for a people redeemed, and adapted it with elements of eternity for an everlasting joy. Hence this heaven, prepared by God himself, exceeds the eloquent descriptions of man or angel. Its materials we cannot explain or duly illustrate—deathless harps, golden pavement, walls of crystal, emerald, ruby, amethyst; towers and domes, fused in a burning sky, like a pageant of clouds in their red repose; the image of Christ, the society of saints and elect angels, the vision of God, the well-remembered way, the seven-fold thundering hallelujah—we are lost!"

The distinguished Rev. R. Newton, when dying, said, "Farewell, sin and death! Praise the Lord! I am going—going to glory."

Who does not endorse the sentiments and aspirations of the venerable and eloquent Augustine?

"O happy souls, who are delivered from the perils of this sea, and got safe to shore;—who have reached their native country.

We lie at the mercy of winds and waves, and cast many a weary and longing look to the land of our hope and rest. But, O thou Stay of our souls, our Refuge and Strength, whose light, like the sailor's star, shines through the thick clouds that hang over our heads; steer, we beseech thee, this floating vessel with the helm of thy cross, lest the deep swallow us up. Draw us out of these surges to thyself, our only Comfort, whom now our weeping eyes can but just discern, standing afar off, like the dawn of the morning star, to conduct and receive us to the wished-for regions of light. Thou standest upon the shore, and seest our dangers, and how our vessel works in the storm! O save us for Thy name's sake, and direct our course, that we may happily decline those rocks on every side, which if we strike upon we are dashed to pieces. Thou knowest the value of our cargo, and the difficulties of the voyage; save Master, or we perish!" *

What do we know of that uncreated glory? All that we see are beams darted from afar through a sky of cloud and gloom—by a light itself ineffable. We wait for the bright revealings of the immortal future. We wait for the uplifting of the golden drapery of the "inner veil." We wait for the cheering blaze of heaven's harbour lights on the calm tide of the crystal sea. Till then, we must "live by faith." Till then, we are "saved by hope." Till then, in every adverse blast, in every stormy sea, in every impending danger, let us fearlessly confide in the unsleeping Providence, and unerring guidance of our Divine Pilot—the "Captain of our salvation."

The Rev. Alex. Beith, eloquently remarks, "Like the bold and skilful pilot, who, when passengers and

crew together, in their alarm, cry out for the 'shore,' and urge him to seek the harbour, steers his ship away from land, out and out into the dark waters, or amidst foaming tide-ways, lending a deaf ear alike to remonstrance and upbraiding, and this because it is the course which alone can save from shipwreck; so Christ heeds not the crying of his children in the time of their peril and their fear, but keeping his eye on their true interests, he regulates every event so that these may be promoted, whatever their lamentations or their prayers." *

Then, amid all the wild stormings and tossings of life's dark scenes of sorrow and distress, let us firmly grasp the helm of duty, and boldly keep our bows seaward, until we reach that happy clime. Let us detach ourselves from the transient present, in joyous anticipation of the eternal future. Let us look away from this troubled, cloudy, distracted, turbulent scene—to yon calm, bright, happy, sinless, triumphant, immortal heaven.

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

There, in seas for ever calm, in streams unruffled by wind or tide, we shall be safely moored. There, beneath skies for ever serene, we shall dwell in perfect security and peace. There we shall breathe ambrosial air, undisturbed by a single element of tempest. There the "Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed us, and lead us unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes."

* "The Free Church Pulpit."

"There shall be no night there."

"And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him."

My fellow voyager for the eternal state—for "the world to come"—whither are you steering your bark?

Is heavenly hope your anchor? Is saving faith your cable? Is the word of God your compass? Is the Heavenly Pilot your Pilot? Is heaven your final destination?

Jesus alone can save you in the "storm of life." He alone can bring you safely through the wild and withering blast of dissolution's final hour.

When the life-tide is ebbing, when the eye grows dim, and the pulse grows feeble, and heart and flesh fail, and the mind wanders in its last delirium, we may find that "to die is gain."—

"Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on Him—
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.

Safe is the expanded wave—
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not a soul of Jesus' care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view:
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail."

Thus Vara, the converted South Sea Islander, when dying, was asked by the Missionary if he was afraid to die. With surprising energy he replied, "No, no! the canoe is in the sea, the sails are

spread, she is ready for the gale. I have a good Pilot to guide me, and a good haven to receive me. My outside man and my inside differ. Let the one rot till the trumpet shall sound, but let my soul wing her way to the throne of Jesus." *

The late venerable William Jay, graphically remarks—"Some, shipwrecked, are washed by the surge half dead on the shore, or reach it clinging terrified to a plank; others, with crowded sails and with a preserved cargo of spices and perfumes, beautifully, gallantly enter the desired haven." †

The vessel of which Jesus is the Pilot, cannot go down in the wildest fury of the storm. In the dark and "narrow sea" of death we shall "fear no evil."

Andrew Miller, when dying, was visited by a pious friend, who said to him, "It is a blessed thing to make a good landfall when the voyage of life is drawing towards its close, Andrew."

The fading eye of the dying one brightened, and his pale and wasted features became animated, as he gave expression to his glorious hope and unshaken faith in Christ: "O, it is, it is! and I may truly say I have had the land aboard ever since I was laid up here. It's the looming of the hills of glory that cheers my soul; and it matters not how rough the voyage has been, since I have got into a good roadstead, and the port is right under my lee."

To his pastor he said, "I have but another anchor to heave, and then I am off, with a flowing sheet, to the land of endless bliss."

On another occasion he said, with a smile, "I am close-hauled, but I hold a good wind. The pirates hove in sight this morning, but I spied the black flag and marrow-bone. One of them ranged alongside; but I poured a broadside into him, and he

* Williams, p. 96.

† Sermon viii.

sheered off again. 'You are a horrible sinner,' said he; but I stopped his mouth, quickly. 'I know that,' said I.

'I the chief of sinners am;
But Jesus died for me.'

"O sir, what should I do with these fellows, if it were not for the witness of the Spirit? Sometimes I have them on all sides, like a swarm of bees, and then I run up my red ensign to the main, and they are off like smoke."

As the last storm darkened and lowered around, he said, "I have had a heavy strain or two, but my ground-tackling is good; and when the breeze freshened, I began to pay away more of my cable, and with the long service I rode easy enough till slack tide; and I hove short, and got under weigh again, and now I am once more in deep water."

With his dying breath he whispered to his friend—for the power of articulation was now failing—his voice was broken and low—"I mean to cross the bar, all standing, studding sails, royals, and sky-sails, and fire a royal salute as I run in; my last breath on earth and my first in glory shall praise Him. I can only think of one thing now. O the greatness of his love! I am persuaded there is nothing greater or more surprising in heaven. There is nothing will ever astonish me more, than that He should bring such a sinner as me to see Him as He is. You will be praising Him still in our blessed little Zion, and some may think that my lips are silent in the dust; but your Andrew will be praising Him louder than you all."

What but the "glorious gospel of Christ," can fully sustain and bless us in the final hour, amid

weakness, decay, breathlessness, and mortal pangs? It is the gospel's peculiar and distinguished glory—a peerless glory—that it “hath brought life and immortality to light:” infinitely more than the shadowy immortality of the philosophers; the unsubstantial elysium of the ancients; or the carnal pleasures of a Mussulman's paradise.

“There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.” Why then linger here, uncheered and unsustained by the gospel's “blessed hope?”

Let us cut all the cables, and snap all the chains which tie us to an unfruitful shore, and enter the friendly harbour, that shoots far out into the main its moles and jetties to receive us!

“O, think of mansions far away,
Of brethren clothed in bright array,
And homeward press to God.”

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